



No. 69

A NEW WINNER!  
**BOY COMMANDOS**



The **BATMAN**

# Detective REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. COMICS

NOV.

10¢

MADCAP MENACE GRIPS  
GOTHAM CITY WHEN

**THE JOKER**

DUELS WITH  
**BATMAN AND ROBIN**  
IN

**"THE HARLEQUIN'S  
HOAX!"**



*Editorial  
Advisory Board*  
of the  
**SUPERMAN DC  
COMIC MAGAZINES:**

**JOSETTE FRANK**

Staff Advisor,

Children's Book Committee,  
Child Study Association of America

**DR. C. BOWIE MILLICAN**

Department of English Literature,  
New York University

**DR. W. W. D. SONES**


Professor of Education and  
Director of Curriculum Study,  
University of Pittsburgh

**DR. ROBERT THORNDIKE**

Department of Educational Psychology,  
Teachers College, Columbia University

**Com. GENE TUNNEY, U.S.N.R.**

Executive Board, Boy Scout Foundation  
and Member, Board of Directors,  
Catholic Youth Organization

**The following magazines  
all bear this trademark**  
  
**as your guar-  
antee of the  
best in comic  
reading.**

**MONTHLY MAGAZINES:**

ACTION COMICS  
ADVENTURE COMICS  
ALL-AMERICAN COMICS  
DETECTIVE COMICS  
FLASH COMICS  
MORE FUN COMICS  
SENSATION COMICS  
STAR SPANGLED COMICS

**BI-MONTHLY MAGAZINES:**

(Issued every other month)

ALL-FLASH  
ALL-STAR COMICS  
BATMAN  
SUPERMAN

**QUARTERLY MAGAZINES:**

(Issued every third month)

GREEN LANTERN  
LEADING COMICS  
WONDER WOMAN  
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS

—and MUTT & JEFF  
(NOW A QUARTERLY TOO?)

# GOOD BOOKS WORTH READING

reviewed by **JOSETTE FRANK**, staff advisor  
Child Study Association of America

## CASH PRIZES!

Would you like to have your own book reviews  
printed on this page?

Here is a list of books *Miss Irene Smith, Superin-  
tendent of Work With Children, Brooklyn Public Library*  
tells us are favorites with the boys and girls at her  
library. She is sure you will enjoy them, too. Ask your  
librarian for them and send us your review of one of  
these books—a review you have written yourself—  
and if it is selected to be printed on this page, we will  
send you five dollars for it. You may send reviews of  
several books if you like. But send them soon.

Address them to me at DC Comics Publications,  
480 Lexington Avenue, New York City—and be sure  
to write your name and address plainly.

**JOSETTE FRANK**

*Here is the list:*

**SALUTE. By C. W. Anderson.**

**GOVERNMENT HUNTER. By M. M. Atwater.**

**HIDE-RACK KIDNAPPED. By Glen Batch.**

**MISTER OLE. By Richard Bennett.**

**CHILDREN OF THE SEA. By W. S. Bronson.**

**AUGUSTUS GOES SOUTH. By LeGrand.**

**WHITE REINDEER. By Neill James.**

**LASSIE COME-HOME. By Eric Knight.**

**MEETINGHOUSE BAY. By H. W. Patterson.**



## SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Saturn No. 5)

XYWJSLYM, HTZWFLJ FSI OZXYNHJ BNQQ  
XJJ ZX YMWTLZLM!



# BATMAN

WITH  
**ROBIN**  
-THE BOY WONDER-

JOE  
KANE

ONCE MORE CRIME'S BRAZEN BUFFOON  
OPENS UP HIS BAG OF EVIL TRICKS AND STUNS GOTHAM CITY  
WITH A SERIES OF MADCAP PRANKS! YES, THE JOKER--ARCH-  
FRIEND OF THE UNDERWORLD--IS BACK AGAIN--AND HE'S  
HANDING OUT PRESENTS WITH SINISTER GENEROSITY!  
SINISTER--FOR THE GRIM JESTER IS NEVER PHILANTH-  
ROPIC WITHOUT SOME MALEVOLENT PURPOSE! SO BEWARE  
OF CROOKS BEARING GIFTS, AS YOU FOLLOW THAT  
TORNADO TEAM OF CRIME-CRUSHERS--**BATMAN**  
AND **ROBIN THE BOY WONDER**--ON THE TWISTED  
TRAIL OF THE JOKER IN--"THE HARLEQUIN'S  
HOAX!"



IN THE HEART OF PEACEFUL GOTHAM CITY, A MELANCHOLY MAN WITH LAUGHING FACE PLOTS AN EVIL GAME!



HA! HA!  
THIS SHALL  
BE MY  
GREATEST  
COUP!

THAT SAME MORNING, AT THE HOME OF CHARLES SAUNDERS...



PACKAGE  
FOR YOU,  
MR. SAUNDERS!

HMM--  
WONDER  
WHAT IT  
CAN BE?  
BRING IT IN,  
WILL YOU,  
BILL!



A RADIO  
WITHOUT  
A LOUDSPEAKER/  
WHAT KIND  
OF GAG  
IS THAT?

THERE'S  
A CARD  
ENCLOSED!



VALUABLE?  
THIS IS  
ANOTHER  
OF THE  
JOKER'S  
CRAZY  
TRICKS!

I--I DON'T  
THINK SO!  
YOU SEE...  
THIS IS  
VALUABLE  
TO ME!



LATER THAT DAY, ANOTHER CITIZEN OF GOTHAM CITY RECEIVES AN AMAZING PRESENT...

WHAT SORT OF  
CONTRAPTION IS  
THAT, MR. FORDNEY?  
AN AUTOMOBILE  
WITH ONLY  
THREE WHEELS!

THE--THE  
JOKER SENT  
IT TO ME!

IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY...



A TELESCOPE  
WITHOUT A  
LENS! WONDER  
WHAT CRAZY  
FOOL SENT  
IT TO ME?

ELSEWHERE...



TO RICHARD  
MORSE--  
WITH THE  
JOKER'S  
COMPLIMENTS!

OH--OH  
--THE  
JOKER.



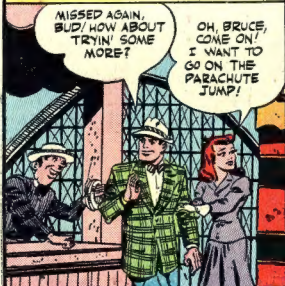
JIM BROWN,  
WHO WOULD  
GIVE YOU SUCH  
A FOOLISH  
THING AS A  
CLOCK WITHOUT  
AN HOUR  
HAND?

THE JOKER! AND--  
AND I'M AFRAID  
I DON'T LIKE  
THIS  
GENEROSITY!

THE JOKER'S  
OFF AGAIN!  
CAN YOU  
MATCH  
WITS WITH  
THIS MASTER  
OF CRIME?  
CAN YOU  
GUESS BEFORE  
THE BATMAN  
DOES,  
THE  
MOTIVE  
FOR  
THESE  
QUEER GIFTS?  
WHAT'S  
THE  
JOKER'S  
GAME  
THIS  
TIME  
?



MEANWHILE OTHER PERSONS PLAY A GAME-- A GAME OF CHANCE/ BRUCE WAYNE AND LINDA PAGE MAKE MERRY AT THE FUN PARK!



MISSED AGAIN, BUD! HOW ABOUT TRYIN' SOME MORE?

OH, BRUCE, COME ON! I WANT TO GO ON THE PARACHUTE JUMP!

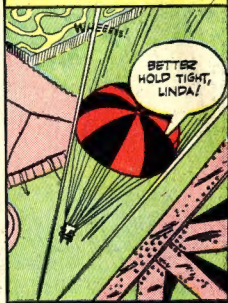
MINUTES LATER... BRUCE AND LINDA ARE BEING PULLED UP 200 FEET INTO THE SKY!



SAY, I HADN'T REALIZED THESE THINGS GO UP SO HIGH!

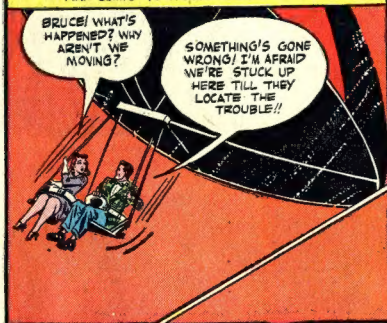
SISSY! DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE SCARED, BRUCE?

THE 'CHUTE REACHES THE TOP! CONTACT--AND THE DUO BEGINS A THRILLING PLUNGE THRU SPACE!



BETTER HOLD TIGHT, LINDA!

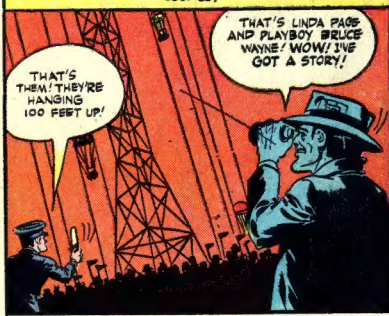
HALFWAY DOWN, THE CHUTE SUDDENLY BOUNCES CRAZILY... AND COMES TO A DEAD STOP!



BRUCE! WHAT'S HAPPENED? WHY AREN'T WE MOVING?

SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG! I'M AFRAID WE'RE STUCK UP HERE TILL THEY LOCATE THE TROUBLE!!

THE NEWS SPREADS LIKE WILDFIRE! SHOUTING, EXCITED HUMANS PUSH FORWARD, EYES TURNED UP TO THE HELPLESS COUPLE!



THAT'S THEM! THEY'RE HANGING 100 FEET UP!

THAT'S LINDA PAGE AND PLAYBOY BRUCE WAYNE! WOW! I'VE GOT A STORY!

ONE INSANE HOUR LATER/ SANDWICHES AND A MIKE ARE HAULED UP TO THE PAIR ...



IF ANY OF MY FAMILY ARE LISTENING IN, I DON'T WANT THEM TO WORRY IF I'M LATE FOR SUPPER!

AND IF MY WARD, DICK, IS LISTENING TO MY VOICE, DON'T WORRY IF I'M LATE FOR SUPPER!

ANOTHER HOUR PASSES... SLOWLY! THEN A MILE-LONG FLOOD OF LIGHT BLAZONS A WEIRD SYMBOL AGAINST THE SKY!



LOOK! A BAT!

THAT'S FROM POLICE HEADQUARTERS! THEY'RE CALLING M...THE BATMAN!

JUST THINK, BRUCE! SOMEWHERE THE BATMAN IS GOING INTO ACTION NOW!



LIKE FUN! HE'S STUCK HERE IN A PARACHUTE!

BRUCE WAYNE, IN REALITY THE **BATMAN**, UNABLE TO ANSWER AN OFFICIAL SUMMONS WITHOUT AROUSING LINDA'S SUSPICIONS! WHAT CAN HE DO?

I'VE GOT TO GET DOWN... AND RIGHT NOW THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO DO IT!

FURTIVELY, HIS FINGERS UNFASTEN THE SAFETY BELT...



...AND BRUCE DROPS FORWARD INTO EMPTY SPACE!

FEEB! BRUCE! BRUCE!

LINDA! I'M FALLING!

BUT THAT "FALL" IS CHECKED AS TRAINED, STEELY FINGER'S CLAMP VISIBLY ON THE CABLE!

MADE IT! WHW! THE THINGS I GO THRU TO KEEP MY IDENTITY A SECRET!

I'LL GO DOWN SLOWLY.. PRETEND I'M SCARED I MIGHT SLIP!

EASY, NOW!

THAT'S IT! CAREFUL!

MINUTES LATER...

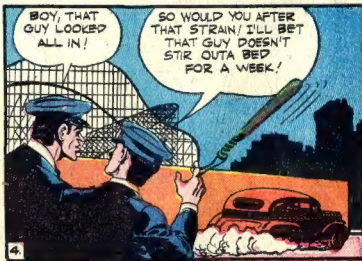
SOMEBODY CALL A TAXI TO TAKE THIS MAN HOME!

THE GIRL... WHAT ABOUT THE GIRL?

THE TROUBLE'S NEARLY FIXED! SHE'LL BE DOWN SOON!

BOY, THAT GUY LOOKED ALL IN!

SO WOULD YOU AFTER THAT STRAIN! I'LL BET THAT GUY DOESN'T STIR OUTA BED FOR A WEEK!





ON THE CONTRARY...FOR, MINUTES AFTER, CLAD IN WEIRD ACTION GARB, THE BATMAN IS DEFINITELY ON THE MOVE!

I'M LATE... GORDON'S PROBABLY WORRYING... WONDER WHAT HE'S GOT ON THE FIRE?



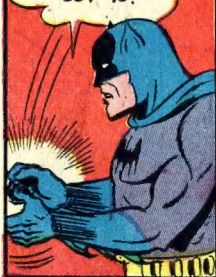
LATER... POLICE HEADQUARTERS...AND BATMAN LISTENS TO THE LATEST CLOWNING OF THE JOKER...

...THAT'S OUR CASE! A RADIO WITHOUT A LOUDSPEAKER... AN AUTO WITH THREE WHEELS...A TELESCOPE WITHOUT A LENS...

AND A CLOCK WITH- OUT AN HOUR HAND! I KNOW...IT ALL SEEMS ILLOGICAL, CRAZY...LIKE A JIGSAW OF MIS- MATCHING PARTS...



... BUT THE JOKER ALWAYS FITS THOSE PARTS TOGETHER TO FORM A CRIME PATTERN! I'VE GOT TO STOP THAT MAN... I'VE GOT TO!



WHAT MADCAP MENACE, INDEED, IS THE CUNNING CRIME CLOWN PLANNING? WHAT HAS THE JOKER GOT UP HIS TRICKY SLEEVE?

BUT THE ANSWER IS SOON FORTHCOMING! THE FOLLOWING NIGHT, AS DARKNESS BLANKETS GOTHAM CITY IN ITS SOOTHING FOLDS...

OKAY, JOKER, THE WINDOW'S OPEN!



GOOD! THE COAST IS CLEAR— LET'S GO!



HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING BACK HERE?



JUST ROBBING A STORE, OFFICER! ANY OBJECTIONS? HA! HA!



UH!

MOMENTS LATER...

GEE, JOKER, WHAT A HAUL! AND IT WAS EASY, TOO!



EVERYTHING IS EASY WHEN THE JOKER PLANS!...EASY AS IT IS TO LAUGH! HA! HA! HA!

MORNING... AND NEWSPAPER HEAD-  
LINES SCREAM CRIME AT CITIZENS  
OF GOTHAM CITY!

WUXTRY  
JOKER ROBS  
DEPARTMENT  
STORE!  
WUXTRY!

...AND POLICE  
FOUND THE  
BURGLAR  
ALARMS  
OFF, BRUCE!  
THAT'S HOW  
THE JOKER  
PULLED THE  
JOB SO EASILY!

YES... AND  
NOTICE  
THE NAME  
OF THE  
MANAGER  
OF THAT  
STORE...  
CHARLES  
SAUNDERS!

WHY... HE'S  
THE FELLOW  
WHO  
RECEIVED  
THAT RADIO  
WITHOUT A  
LOUDSPEAKER  
FROM THE  
JOKER! SAY,  
THINK IT WAS  
AN INSIDE  
JOB?

MIGHTY  
QUEER,  
DICK!  
BATMAN  
AND  
ROBIN  
ARE  
GOING  
TO DO  
SOME  
DETECTIVE  
WORK TONIGHT!

NIGHT COMES... AND LIKE NOCTURNAL, AWAKENING  
CREATURES OF THE DARKNESS, THE BATMAN  
AND ROBIN MOVE ON THE PROWL!

ONE OF THE  
MEN, FORDNEY, IS  
SUPERINTENDENT OF  
A CAMERA CONCERN!  
ROBIN, IF THE JOKER  
STICKS TO FORMULA  
AS IN THE PAST...  
WE'LL MEET HIM  
TONIGHT!

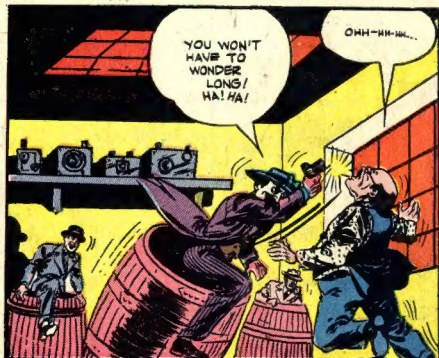
MAYBE... BUT  
I DON'T SEE  
WHY A MAN  
SHOULD HELP  
THE JOKER IN  
RETURN FOR  
A CRAZY GIFT!

THE STORAGE WAREHOUSE OF THE SHUTTER  
CAMERA CO...

THESE BARRELS  
WERE STORED HERE  
TONIGHT, AND FORDNEY  
SAID NOT TO TOUCH  
'EM! WONDER WHAT'S  
IN 'EM.

YOU WON'T  
HAVE TO  
WONDER  
LONG!  
HA! HA!

OH-H-H-H...



HAW! HAW! THAT  
WAS A SWELL  
STUNT, JOKER.  
SNEAKING US  
IN INSIDE  
THE BARRELS!

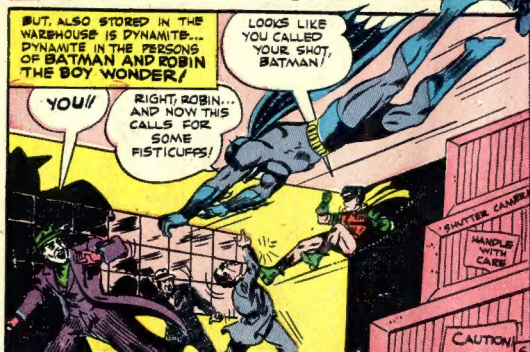
YES...  
FORDNEY  
WAS VERY  
OBLIGING,  
WASN'T  
HE? NOW  
LET'S  
GET AT  
THOSE  
EXPENSIVE  
CAMERAS  
STORED IN  
HERE!

BUT, ALSO STORED IN THE  
WAREHOUSE IS DYNAMITE...  
DYNAMITE IN THE PERSONS  
OF BATMAN AND ROBIN  
THE BOY WONDER!

LOOKS LIKE  
YOU CALLED  
YOUR SHOT,  
BATMAN!

YOU!!

RIGHT, ROBIN...  
AND NOW THIS  
CALLS FOR  
SOME  
FISTICUFFS!







SENSING IMMINENT DEFEAT, THE HARLEQUIN OF HATE  
RALLIES HIS MENCHMAN!



AN IRRESISTIBLE FORCE, ROBIN BLASTS THRU THE  
BREAKING RANKS!



A JOLTING RIGHT, AND THE JOKER ROCKS  
BACK ON HIS HEELS!



IS THIS  
CASE  
OVER,  
ALREADY??  
IS THE  
JOKER  
STOPPED BE-  
FORE HE CAN  
GET STARTED?  
OR DOES THE  
CUNNING  
CRIME CLOWN  
STILL  
HOLD AN  
ACE  
UP HIS  
SLEEVE  
?

LATER... AFTER JOKER AND COMPANY ARE TRUSSED AND TOSSED INTO THE GETAWAY TRUCK...

BATMAN, WHY SHOULD THE JOKER STEAL CAMERAS? HE USUALLY GOES AFTER MORE VALUABLE LOOT!

BUT CAMERAS ARE VERY VALUABLE NOW... SINCE THE WAR! NO MORE CAMERAS ARE BEING MADE!

WELL, ROBIN, I THINK THIS TIME WE'LL PUT THE JOKER AWAY FOR SAFEKEEPING EH?

SO YOU THINK! THIS DEVELOPING ACID I PALMED IN THE CAMERA WAREHOUSE WILL EASILY BURN OFF MY BONDS!

OH-OH! THAT SOUNDS LIKE A FLAT TIRE IN THE REAR! GOING TO TRY TO KEEP ON GOING?

NOPE!.. WE CAN'T AFFORD TO DEPRIVE OUR GOVERNMENT OF EXTRA RUBBER FROM TIRES GOING BAD!

BANG!

AND AS THE BATMAN INVESTIGATES... THE JOKER MOVES WITH THE SPEED OF A STRIKING RATTLER!

ALL RIGHT, BRAT... I'M TAKING OVER NOW!

TRY WALKING FOR A CHANGE! THE EXERCISE WILL DO YOU GOOD! HA HA!

ONLY A TAUNTING LAUGH TRAILS BEHIND AS THE JOKER MAKES HIS ESCAPE!

WELL, WHADDYA KNOW? HE GOT AWAY!

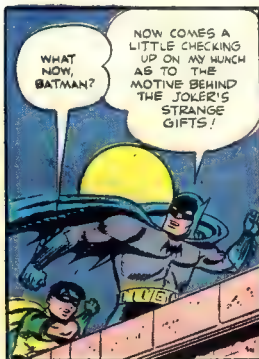
ROBIN, WILL YOU PLEASE KICK ME IN THE PANTS... AND DO IT WITHOUT ASKING ANY QUESTIONS?

OKAY! YOU'RE THE BOSS! BUT WHAT'S THE GAG?

THE OLDEST ONE OF ALL TIME... AND I'VE FALLEN FOR IT!

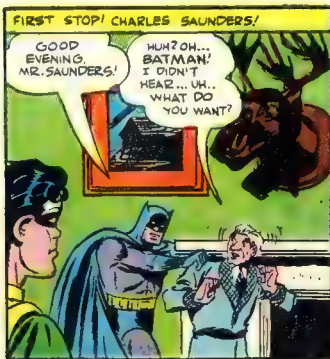
BEHOLD! OUR "BLOWOUT"! IT WAS JUST A FLASH BLUB, DROPPED BY THE JOKER!





WHAT NOW, BATMAN?

NOW COMES A LITTLE CHECKING UP ON MY HUNCH AS TO THE MOTIVE BEHIND THE JOKER'S STRANGE GIFTS!



GOOD EVENING, MR. SAUNDERS!

HUH? OH... BATMAN! I DIDN'T HEAR... UH... WHAT DO YOU WANT?



MAY I LOOK AT ONE OF YOUR GUNS? AH! LOADED. ISN'T IT?

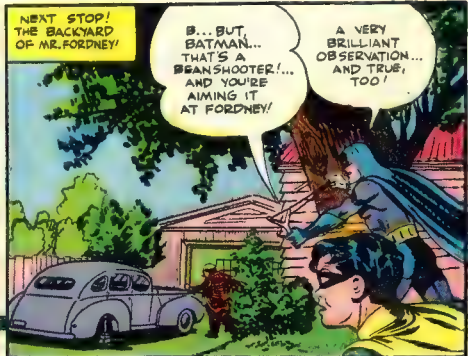
BANG!



THAT WAS NO ACCIDENT!

NEITHER WAS THE GIFT YOU RECEIVED FROM THE JOKER... A RADIO WITHOUT A LOUDSPEAKER! C'MON, ROBIN!

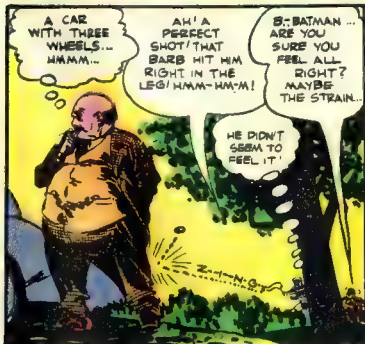
S... SURE, BATMAN... HUH???



NEXT STOP! THE BACKYARD OF MR. FORDNEY!

B... BUT, BATMAN... THAT'S A BEANSHOOTER!... AND YOU'RE AIMING IT AT FORDNEY!

A VERY BRILLIANT OBSERVATION... AND TRUE, TOO!



A CAR WITH THREE WHEELS... HMMM...

AH! A PERFECT SHOT! THAT BARB HIT HIM RIGHT IN THE LEG! HMM-HMM!

B... BATMAN... ARE YOU SURE YOU FEEL ALL RIGHT? MAYBE THE STRAIN...

WE DIDN'T SEEM TO FEEL IT!



THIRD STOP! RICHARD MORSE!

THE BATMAN!

IN PERSON! I'VE COME TO EXAMINE YOUR GIFT... A TELESCOPE WITHOUT A LENS!



HMM-M-M! PECULIAR!... VERY PEE-CULIAR! NO LENS... HMM...

I'VE NEVER SEEN THE BATMAN ACT THIS WAY BEFORE!

SUDDENLY, BATMAN SHINES THE BEAM DIRECTLY INTO MORSE'S LEFT EYE...

GIVES A BRIGHT LIGHT, DOESN'T IT? YES, INDEEDY!

BATMAN! WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU? YOU'RE ACTING...

... CRAZY, IS THE WORD, ROBIN! TUM-DE-PUM! C'MON, WATSON..... SHERLOCK HOLMES HAS ONE MORE STOP TO MAKE!

LAST STOP! JIM BROWN!

SO THIS IS THE CLOCK WITHOUT AN HOUR HAND! WELL, WELL! MUST BE AWKWARD IF YOU WANT THE RIGHT TIME, EH?

YES, IT IS AWK... HUH?!!

OOPS! SORRY! BUTTERFINGERS, THAT'S ME!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT! IT DIDN'T HURT MY HAND!

I DON'T IMAGINE IT COULD... SINCE THAT'S AN ARTIFICIAL ARM!

WHA...?

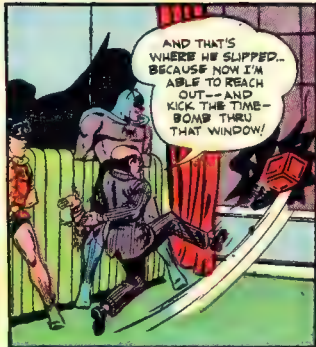
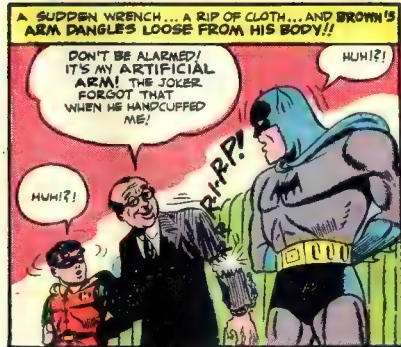
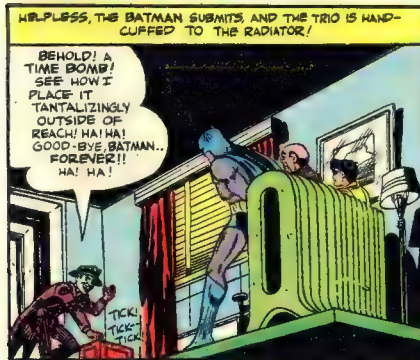
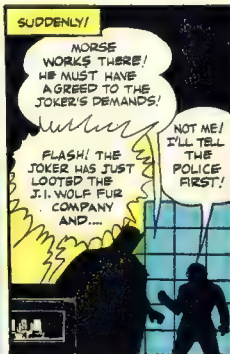
YOU SEE, ROBIN? SAUNDERS, WHO RECEIVED A RADIO WITHOUT A LOUDSPEAKER, IS DEAF IN ONE EAR! FORDNEY GOT A THREE-WHEELED AUTO, SO HE HAS ONLY ONE LEG!

SURE... THEN MORSE, WHO WAS SENT THE TELESCOPE WITHOUT A LENS... IS MISSING ONE EYE... AND WEARS A GLASS EYE! BROWN GOT A CLOCK WITHOUT AN HOUR HAND BECAUSE HE HAS ONLY ONE GOOD ARM!

THE JOKER HAD A HOLD ON YOU MEN AND TOOK THAT CRAZY WAY OF TELLING YOU TO DO WHAT HE WANTED, EH?

YES, BATMAN! YEARS AGO WE FOUR WERE TOGETHER IN ANOTHER CITY WHEN AN EXPLOSION TOOK PLACE! THAT'S HOW WE ALL RECEIVED OUR INJURIES!







WOW!  
CLOSE...  
BUT IT  
KNOCKED  
US FREE!

QUICK,  
BROWN  
WHERE  
DID THE  
JOKER  
GO?

THE AIRCRAFT  
PLANT! I... I  
GAVE HIM THE  
COMBINATION  
OF THE SAFE  
THERE! HE  
THREATENED  
TO KILL MY  
WIFE....



THE AIRCRAFT FACTORY... WHERE THE JOKER  
IS WORKING... BUT NOT ON PLANES!

THAT  
KNOCKOUT  
GAS SURE  
TOOK CARE  
OF THE  
GUARDS!

YES... AND  
SOON THE  
DIAMONDS  
INSIDE WILL  
BE MINE!

DIAMONDS?  
WHAT'S  
DIAMONDS  
DOIN' IN  
THIS PLACE?



THEY'RE  
PUT IN TOOLS  
USED FOR SPECIAL,  
DELICATE,  
DRILLING JOBS!

NOT IN  
THIS  
PLACE  
THEY  
WON'T!  
HA! HA!



WANT TO  
SET ON THAT,  
JOKER?

BATMAN  
AND ROBIN!  
ALIVE!!!

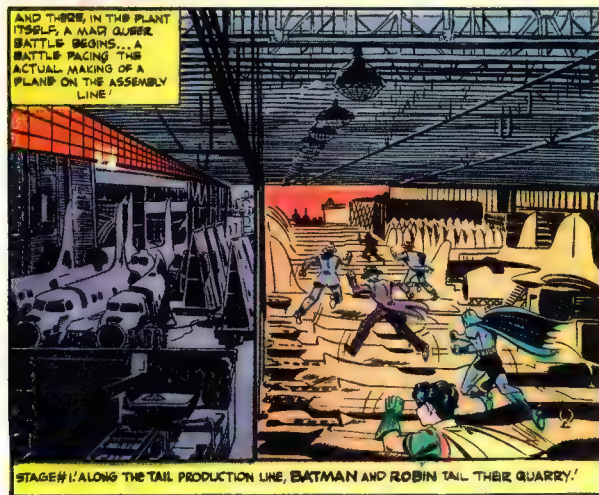


TERROR-STRICKEN, THE MOBSTERS FLEE FROM THE CRIME-  
BUSTERS WHO REFUSE TO DIE!

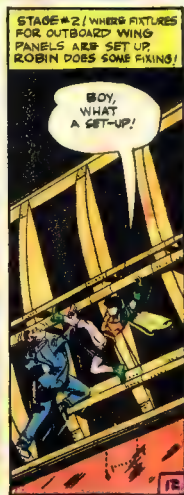
THEY  
AIN'T  
HUMAN!

I'M LEAVIN'!

YOU CURSED,  
INTERFERING  
DEVILS!



AND THERE, IN THE PLANT  
ITSELF, A MAD QUABER  
BATTLE BEGINS... A  
BATTLE PACING THE  
ACTUAL MAKING OF A  
PLANE ON THE ASSEMBLY  
LINE!



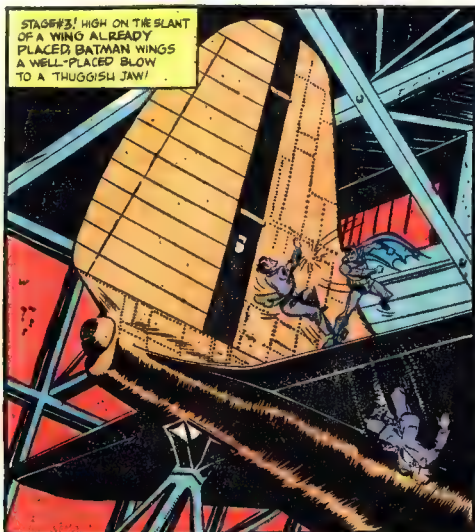
STAGE #2! WHERE FIXTURES  
FOR OUTBOARD WING  
PANELS ARE SET UP.  
ROBIN DOES SOME FIXING!

BOY,  
WHAT  
A SET-UP!

STAGE #1! ALONG THE TAIL PRODUCTION LINE, BATMAN AND ROBIN TAIL THEIR QUARRY!

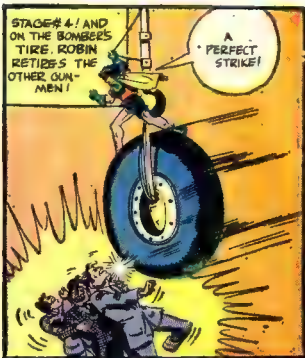


STAGE#3! HIGH ON THE SLANT OF A WING ALREADY PLACED, BATMAN WINGS A WELL-PLACED BLOW TO A THUGGISH JAW!



STAGE#4! AND ON THE BOMBER'S TIRE, ROBIN RETIRES THE OTHER GUN-MEN!

A PERFECT STRIKE!



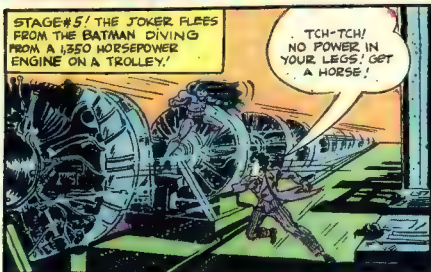
THE MAD CHASE LEADS OUTSIDE INTO THE YARD OF THE HUGE PLANT, AS THE JOKER CLAMBERS TO A PROPELLERLESS BOMBER, THE BATMAN PROPELS HIMSELF THRU THE AIR!

NOT SO FAST, JOKER!



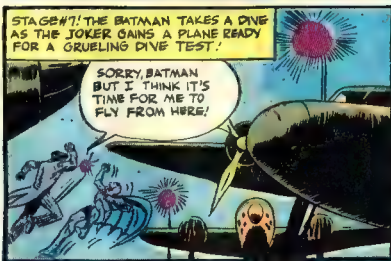
STAGE#5! THE JOKER FLEES FROM THE BATMAN DIVING FROM A 1,350 HORSEPOWER ENGINE ON A TROLLEY!

TCH-TCH! NO POWER IN YOUR LEGS! GET A HORSE!



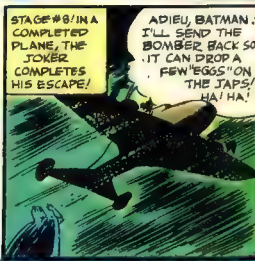
STAGE#7! THE BATMAN TAKES A DIVE AS THE JOKER GAINS A PLANE READY FOR A GRUELING DIVE TEST!

SORRY, BATMAN BUT I THINK IT'S TIME FOR ME TO FLY FROM HERE!



STAGE#8! IN A COMPLETED PLANE, THE JOKER COMPLETES HIS ESCAPE!

ADIEU, BATMAN! I'LL SEND THE BOMBER BACK SO IT CAN DROP A FEW EGGS ON THE JAPS! HA! HA!



AND SO THE BOMBER PWINDLIES TO A MERE SPECK IN THE HORIZON...

WELL, THERE'S HE BACK! AND WHEN HE DOES, WE'LL MEET HIM... AND BOY, WILL THAT BE A SCRAP!



THE END

12

# SILLY WILLY



GEE - THIS IS AWFUL -  
I MAY COME LATE TO  
THE OFFICE!

PUFF

I BETTER RUSH TO WORK -  
I OVERSLEPT!

ZZZZ  
ZZZZ

## "THE CASE THE BATMAN FAILED TO SOLVE"

FAIL? WHEN HAS THE BATMAN  
EVER FAILED?!? AND YET, IN THIS  
BIG NEW ISSUE, BATMAN ADMITS  
HIMSELF BAFLED BY

"THE CASE THE BATMAN  
FAILED TO SOLVE"

-- WHICH IS THE TITLE OF JUST ONE  
OF THE **FOUR** WHIRLWIND STORIES  
AWAITING BATMAN AND ROBIN  
AND YOU IN  
**BATMAN No. 14**

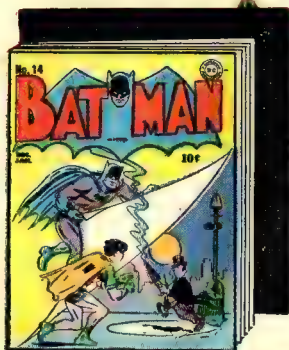
---ALSO,  
**BATMAN AND ROBIN**  
-THE WINNING TEAM-  
STAR IN THREE OTHER FAST-MOVING  
AND EXCITING ADVENTURE YARNS:

"**BARGAINS IN BANDITRY**"  
(FEATURING THE PENGUIN)

"**PRESCRIPTION FOR HAPPINESS**"  
(GREAT INTEREST WITH A PUNCH)

"**SWASTIKA OVER THE WHITE HOUSE!**"  
(BATMAN VS. BERLIN)

**FOUR BANG-UP BATMAN BOMBSHELLS!**



**ON SALE OCT. 14<sup>TH</sup>  
AT ALL STANDS!  
DON'T MISS IT!**



# The BOY COMMANDOS

## ORDER OF THE DAY

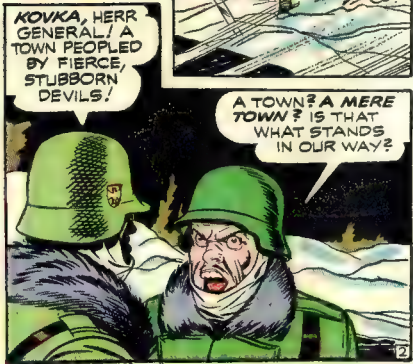
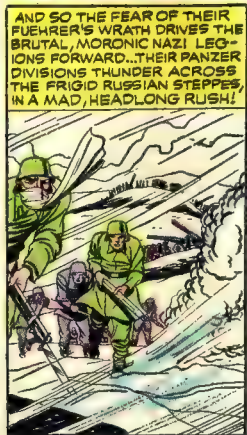
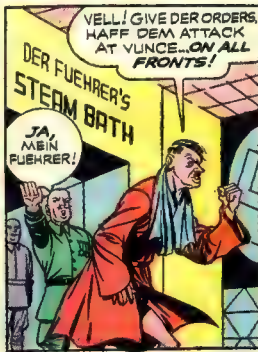
EMERGENCY! TAKING  
OFF IMMEDIATELY TO  
HELP LIFT THE SIEGE  
OF KROVKA...THE  
NAZI RING OF STEEL  
MUST BE BROKEN...  
AND WE'RE THE GUYS  
TO DO IT!

*Rip Carter.*  
CAPTAIN


**T**HUNDER AND FLAME  
SWEEP THE STEPPES  
OF RUSSIA...WHERE IVAN  
VANIN AND HIS VALIANT  
FAMILY FACE THE  
MURDEROUS HORDES  
THAT POUR ACROSS HIS  
NATIVE LAND TO PILLAGE  
AND PLUNDER.....  
**RIP CARTER AND HIS  
BOY COMMANDOS**  
ARE THERE TOO...  
FIGHTING SIDE BY SIDE  
WITH THE CENTURY'S  
MOST COURAGEOUS PEOPLE!  
HERE IS A SAGA...  
STRAIGHT FROM YOUR  
DAILY WAR COMMUNIQUE...  
A STUDY OF A REAL  
FIGHTING FAMILY...BLOODY...  
BUT UNBOWED!

by JOE SIMON  
and JACK KIRBY









DEN I ZAY SMASH KOVKA! VE MUST BREAK THROUGH EVEN IF WE HAFF TO LEVEL DER TOWN TO DER GROUND! I ORDER YOUR DIVISIONS TO STORM ITS FORTIFICATIONS... UND VIPE OUT ALL RE-ZITANZE! DON'T VURRY ABOUT MANPOWER... IF YOU USE UP YOUR DIVISIONS, VE VILL SEND YOU MORE DUMBKOPFS!

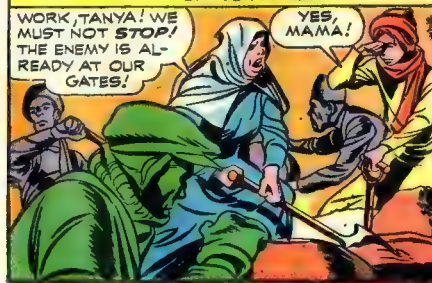


SINGLED OUT FOR DESTRUCTION, THE TOWN OF KOVKA BUSILY PREPARES FOR THE TERRIBLE SIEGE THEY KNOW IS COMING!




AND THE "STUBBORN DEVILS" WHO BLOCK THE PATH OF THE NAZI HORDES ARE THE SIMPLE PEASANTS AND WORKERS LIKE MAMA VANIN AND HER COURAGEOUS LITTLE FAMILY!

THERE IS ALSO YOUNG IVAN VANIN, WHO COMMANDS AN ANTI-TANK GUN UNIT!



WORK, TANYA! WE MUST NOT STOP! THE ENEMY IS ALREADY AT OUR GATES!

YES, MAMA!



KEEP ALERT, MEN---THE NAZI BEAST MAY SOON BE IN SIGHT!

WE MUSTN'T FORGET BORIS VANIN, A RED ARMY SERGEANT. HE AND HIS HARDY KIND WILL ALWAYS BE REMEMBERED WHEN THE WORLD IS RID OF THE DETESTABLE NAZI PLAGUE!

STRIKE HARDER, COMRADE ZENOVIKOV! WE MUST ACCOMMODATE THE ENEMY'S TANK...IN OUR FINEST TRAPS!



I DON'T KNOW WHICH LOOKS THE NICEST-- THE SOUP OR YOU!

YOU ARE A GLUTTON! YOU WOULD TRADE THE PRETTIEST GIRL IN THE SOVIET UNION FOR A ROAST OF BEEF AND A BOTTLE OF VODKA!



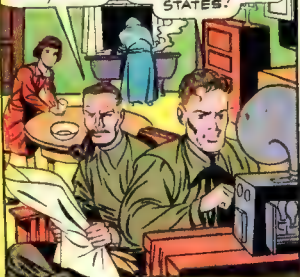
TANYA VANIN... TOO YOUNG TO WORK IN THE FACTORIES... DOES WHAT SHE CAN TO HELP!

NO...THE PEOPLE OF KROVKA ARE NOT ALL NAMED VANIN! YOU HAVE JUST MET THE MEMBERS OF A SINGLE FAMILY... TYPICAL OF SCORES OF FAMILIES IN THE VILLAGE...MOTHER, FATHER, SON AND DAUGHTER... UNITED AGAINST THE CRUELEST ENEMY OF ALL TIME!

WHEN THE DAY'S TOIL IS ENDED...

SEE WHAT IS ON THE SHORT WAVE, IVAN!

TONIGHT THERE IS A SPECIAL BROADCAST FROM THE UNITED STATES!



A RICH, VIBRANT VOICE RINGS AROUND THE WORLD!

MY FRIENDS, THE UNITED NATIONS HAVE KEPT THEIR PLEDGE TO THE SOVIET UNION!

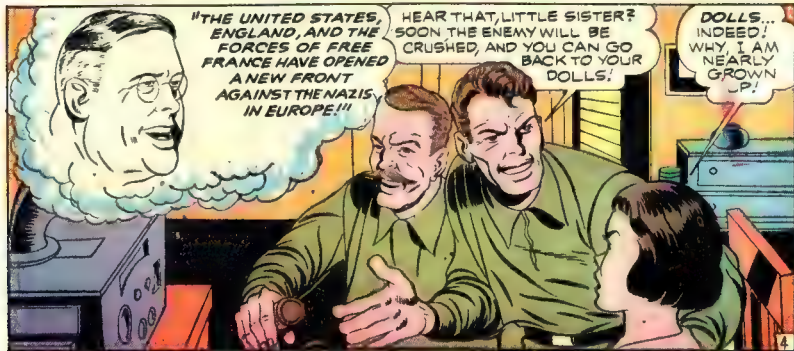
LISTEN! IT IS THE GREAT PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT IN AMERICA!



"THE UNITED STATES, ENGLAND, AND THE FORCES OF FREE FRANCE HAVE OPENED A NEW FRONT AGAINST THE NAZIS IN EUROPE!"

HEAR THAT, LITTLE SISTER? SOON THE ENEMY WILL BE CRUSHED, AND YOU CAN GO BACK TO YOUR DOLLS!

DOLLS... INDEED! WHY, I AM NEARLY GROWN UP!





WORDS SPOKEN BY  
A WHITE HOUSE FIRESIDE  
IN WASHINGTON ECHO  
IN THE FRIGID NIGHT OF  
THE STEPPES OF SIBERIA!

NO FORCE IN ALL  
THE WORLD CAN  
STEM OUR MARCH  
OF VICTORY!

HEAR, COM-  
RADES... DOES  
THAT NOT WARM  
THE MARROW  
OF YOUR  
BONES?

AND STRIKE DREAD TO THE HEARTS  
OF TIRED NAZIS ALREADY TASTING THE  
BITTER PILL OF DEFEAT...

THERE IS NO ROOM  
ON EARTH FOR  
HITLER AND HIS  
BREED!



TURN IT LOWER,  
FREIORICH...IF THE  
COLONEL SHOULD  
OVERHEAR---

IN THE SNOWBOUND CAMP OF A COMMANDO UNIT...

UNITED NATIONS FIGHTERS  
ARE POUNDING THE ENEMY  
IN EVERY QUARTER OF  
THE WORLD!

DAT'S TELLIN'  
'EM, F.D.R...  
EH, ANDRE?

OUI,  
M'SIEU  
BROOKLYN!  
IF WE HAD  
HAD A  
PRESIDENT  
LIKE HIM IN  
PARIS, MY  
POOR FRANCE  
WOULD  
NEVAIR HAVE  
FALLEN!

CAPTAIN RIP...  
LOOK! GERMAN  
PLANES... HUN-  
DREDS OF THEM,  
FLYING EAST!

THEY MAY BE STARTING A  
NEW DRIVE, JAN! PERHAPS  
AGAINST KROVKA... THAT  
MEANS WE'LL HAVE TO  
CHANGE OUR PLANS!

AT THAT MOMENT... IN KROVKA...

BORIS! IVAN!  
COME  
QUICKLY...  
GERMAN  
PLANES ARE  
HEADING  
THIS WAY!

AT LAST THE  
SIGHTS OF MY  
GUNS SHALL REST  
ON SOMETHING  
BESIDES CLOUDS!

ACTION  
AT LAST!

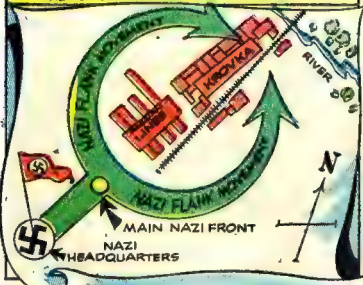
LIKE MONSTER BIRDS OF  
PREY...THE ONE-BOMBING  
STUKAS POUNCE!

GOT  
ANOTHER  
ONE!

AND WITH THE FIRST STREAKS  
OF DAYLIGHT, "BATTLESHIPS OF  
THE LAND" CLASH IN THE SNOW  
BEYOND THE VILLAGE...

HO, YOU BOCHES!  
HAVE ANOTHER  
MOLOTOV  
COCKTAIL!

BUT GERMAN STRATEGY IS SWIFT AND TRICKY, AND AS THE MAIN FORCE BATTLES BEFORE THE VILLAGE, SPEARPOINTS OF MEN AND TANKS SWEEP OUT TO CIRCLE THE TOWN, AS SHOWN HERE ON A MILITARY MAP...



FINDING THEIR VILLAGE THREATENED BY THE FAMOUS "PINCERS ATTACK"... THE DEFENDERS ARE FORCED TO FALL BACK...

THEY WILL HAVE TO STARVE OR BLOW US OUT TO TAKE THE TOWN!

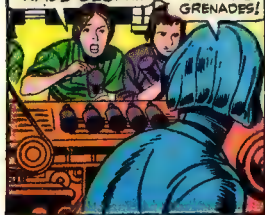
WE'LL MAKE SURE THEY CAPTURE NOTHING BUT RUINS!



FINALLY, COMPLETELY SURROUNDED, LITTLE KROVKA IS IN A STATE OF SIEGE!

IF A SHELL SHOULD HIT THIS FACTORY AND IGNITE THE EXPLOSIVES, COM-RADE OLGA...

UNTIL IT HAPPENS WE SHALL KEEP ON MAKING GRENADES!



I SHALL SEE COLONEL STARRKOV HIMSELF! I SHALL MAKE HIM GIVE ME A GUN SO THAT I MAY FIGHT BESIDE MY FATHER AND BROTHER!



MEANWHILE...

AH, LITTLE TANYA... ONE MORE FIGHTER WOULD NOT MATTER! WE NEED TROOPS TO COUNTER-ATTACK AT ANOTHER POINT!

WHY DO YOU NOT SEND OUT A MESSAGE, COLONEL?



THEIR BOMBS HAVE SMASHED OUR RADIO STATION BEYOND REPAIR... IT WOULD BE HOPELESS FOR A MAN TO ATTEMPT TO GET THROUGH THE GERMAN LINES!

THEN WE ARE LOST... AND THE LOSS OF KROVKA WOULD BE A GREAT BLOW TO RUSSIA!



A MAN COULD NOT GET THROUGH THE LINES... BUT HOW ABOUT A GIRL? AND IF THE GERMANS KILL ME, WHY THEY MIGHT KILL ME IF I STAYED HERE, TOO!





NIGHT... AND A SMALL, WHITE-SHEETED  
FIGURE CREEPS LIKE A GHOST ALONG THE  
STREETS OF THE TOWN---

MOTHER... FATHER...  
IVAN... ALL WORKING  
OR FIGHTING! I SHOULD  
HAVE LIKED TO SAY  
GOODBYE TO  
THEM, BUT...

THE FROZEN SURFACE OF THE RIVER  
CARRIES HER PAST THE DEFENSE LINES...  
BUT AS SHE ROUNDS A CURVE...

DONNERWETTER!  
A RUSSIAN  
BRAT!!

OOP MIT DER HANDS...  
HERE! NOT ARE YOU  
REACHING FOR?

OH!!

BUT THE NEXT MOMENT...

HOW PROUD MY  
FATHER WOULD  
BE TO SEE THE  
WORK HIS  
PISTOL IS  
DOING NOW!

BAM! BAM! BAM!

WOUNDED, WEAKENED, WEARING  
A SHEET THAT IS NO LONGER  
WHITE, THE GIRL STAGGERS ON,  
SCREENED BY THE OVERHANG-  
ING BANKS OF SNOW---

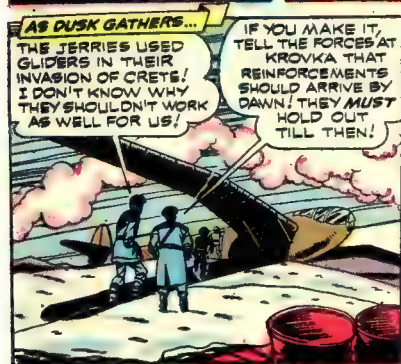
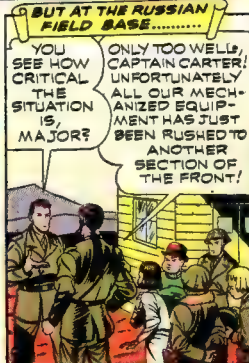
I... I... CAN'T  
STOP NOW... I  
MUST GO ON...

DAWN FINDS HER REELING  
ACROSS A TRACKLESS  
PLAIN OF SNOW---

LOST... IF I FREEZE  
TO DEATH---NO  
ONE WILL KNOW  
ABOUT KROVKA  
UNTIL...

BUT ANOTHER MOVING OBJECT  
IS VISIBLE... A STRANGE, SLEEK  
VEHICLE SKIMMING OVER THE  
GLITTERING CRYSTALS WITH A  
ROAR OF POWER...

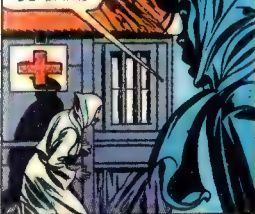
LOOK! SOMEONE'S  
COMING TOWARD  
US!





WHERE IS BROOKLYN? A FEW MINUTES BEFORE, PASSING THE BASE HOSPITAL, HE HAS GLIMPSED A FURTIVE FIGURE...

TWEAK ME NOSE, IF IT AIN'T DE ROOSIAN DAME-- TAKIN' IT ON DE LAM!



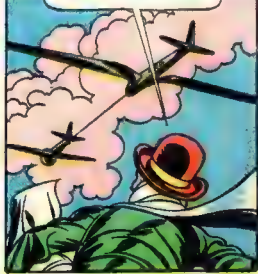
HEY! YA CAN'T TAKE A POW- DER ON DE SAWBONES LIKE DAT!

I DO NOT UNDERSTAND YOU... BUT YOU MUST NOT STOP ME! MY FAMILY IS IN DANGER! I MUST BE NEAR THEM...



BEFORE THE ARGUMENT IS ENDED----

HOW D'YA LIKE DAT? DEY LEFT US COLD... AN' IT'S ALL YER FAULT!



BUT WHY SHOULD WE TAKE SHELLS WHEN WE HAVE NO CANNON TO FIRE THEM FROM!

LISTEN, SISTER... BACK WHERE I COME FROM, DAMES KEEPS SILENT.... IS DAT CLEAR?



IF WE KEEP THE NORTH STAR DIRECTLY BEHIND US, WE SHALL NOT BE LOST!

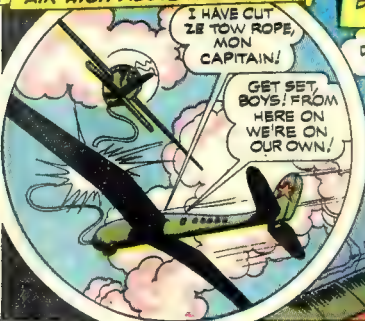
IMAGINE DAT! SHE AIN'T SO DUMB!



MEANWHILE, IN THE THIN, COLD AIR HIGH ABOVE KROVKA.....

I HAVE CUT ZE TOW ROPE, MON CAPTAIN!

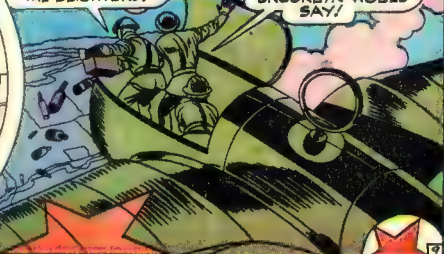
GET SET, BOYS! FROM HERE ON WE'RE ON OUR OWN!



SWOOPING ON SILENT WINGS, INVISIBLE IN THE DARKNESS, THE GLIDER DROPS SURPRISE PACKAGES ON THE BESIEGING NAZIS----

JUST LIKE THEY DONE TO LONNON-- THE BLIGHTERS!

HERE COMES ZE PAY-OFF... AS MY FRIEND BROOKLYN WOULD SAY!



**TERROR SPREADS ALONG THE NAZI LINES...**



**MOMENTS LATER...THE GLIDER IS LANDED IN THE HEART OF THE HARRASSED VILLAGE...**



YOUR TROOPS WILL COUNTER-ATTACK AT DAWN...WE MUST HOLD OUT UNTIL THEN! YOUR MESSENGER WAS A BRAVE LITTLE GIRL NAMED TANYA VANIN...SHE WAS SHOT GOING THROUGH THE GERMAN LINES!



MY LITTLE GIRL! TELL ME, COMRADE, IS SHE--?

SHE IS SAFE IN A HOSPITAL AT THE ARMY BASE! SHE WAS ONLY SLIGHTLY WOUNDED!

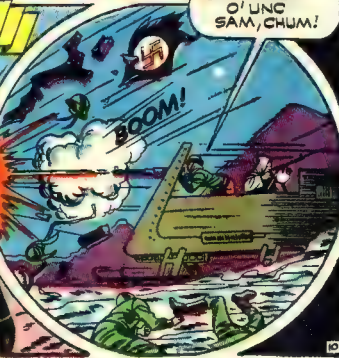


**BUT TANYA IS FAR FROM SAFE!**

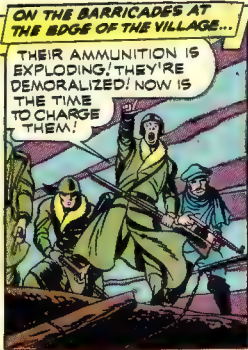
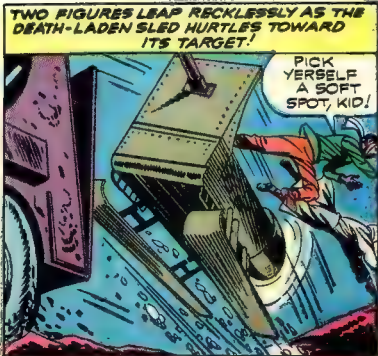
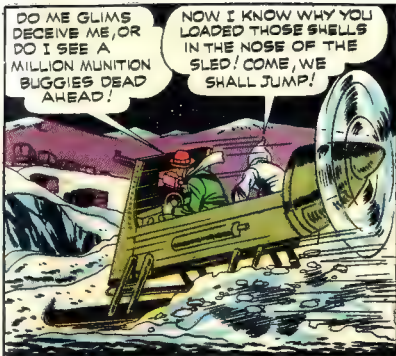
I CANNOT UNDERSTAND YOUR STRANGE TALK, BUT YOUR VIOLIN SPEAKS A LANGUAGE EVEN THE HUNS CAN UNDERSTAND!



**ROCKETING AT EIGHTY MILES AN HOUR, THE SLED STREAKS THROUGH THE OUTER GERMAN LINES!**







MANY OF THE BEWILDERED NAZIS FLEE...MANY MORE MARCH ON TO PRISON CAMPS...AND MANY MOTIONLESS ON THE RED-DAPPLED FIELD OF BATTLE...

SO IT WAS YOU AND TANYA WHO BLEW UP THE NAZI AMMUNITION TRUCKS! BROOKLYN, MY HAT'S OFF TO YOU!



REINFORCEMENTS ARRIVE AT DAWN TO FIND A CELEBRATION INSTEAD OF A BATTLE!

MANY THANKS, MAJOR... BUT THE COMMANDOS HAVE ALREADY SETTLED THINGS!

THIS IS AMAZING, COLONEL STAARKOV!



BREAKFAST IN THE VANIN COTTAGE...

ONE MORE NAZI DRIVE HAS FAILED!

IF BROOKLYN HAIN'T MAKIN' CALF'S EYES AT THE LITTLE LYDY!



COMRADES...I SHOULD LIKE TO TALK ALL DAY... BUT I MUST RETURN TO THE FACTORY... AND BORIS AND IVAN TO THEIR POSTS!

THERE WILL BE NO REST FOR ANY OF US UNTIL WE HAVE FINISHED THE JOB!



AW...YA DON'T HAVE TA DO DAT, TANYA! I MEAN... HUH?

SHE'S SAYING SO LONG, PARDNER-- AND DON'T TAKE ANY WOODEN NICKLES!

DOSVADONYA, MY BRAVE FRIEND!



SOME GIRL, EH, BROOKLYN? BY THE WAY, WHAT'S THE BOOK?

SOME HOKUM TANYA LOINED IN SCHOOL!



SHE SAYS I OUGHTA READ IT SO I CAN WRITE TO HER IN A LINGO SHE CAN UNDERSTAND!



IT'S A FEAST OF THRILLS AND SURPRISES IN ANY LANGUAGE WHEN THE **BOY COMMANDOS** GO INTO ACTION! DON'T MISS THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF **FRIP CARTER'S** DAREDEVILS AS THEY TAKE A STARTLING NEW LINE OF ATTACK AGAINST THE BRUTAL FOES OF DEMOCRACY IN NEXT MONTH'S **DETECTIVE Comics!**



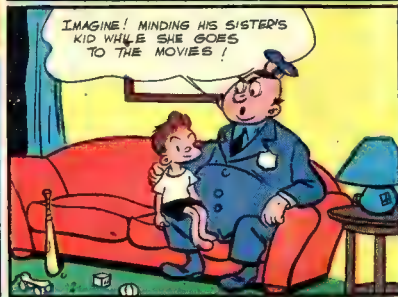
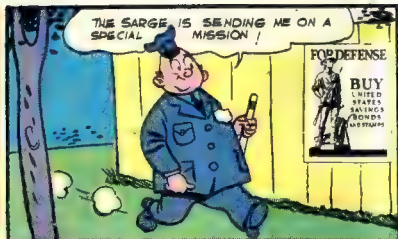


**PLADON STAMP CO.**  
1000 14th St. East, St. Louis, Mo.

# CLANCY

## THE COP

World's Finest Comics



**BIGGEST AND BEST!**

THIS IS IT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN --- **96 PAGES** OF HIGH-POWERED SUPER-ACTION FEATURES! ALL BRAND-NEW, NEVER-BEFORE-PUBLISHED ---AND THE **ONLY** MAGAZINE CONTAINING **BOTH SUPERMAN AND BATMAN!**

**NOW ON SALE**



# THE CRIMSON AVENGER

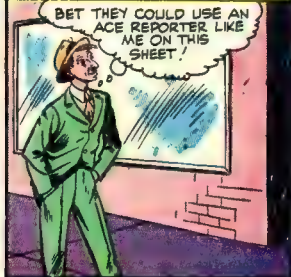
BY  
JACK LEHTI

OUT OF A GREAT CITY'S MILLIONS, THREE MYSTERIOUS MEN SIT IN LONELY STATE APART FROM THE COMMON HERD, LEGENDARY FIGURES OF LIMITLESS WEALTH AND POWER! SELDOM SEEN, NEVER PHOTOGRAPHED OR INTERVIEWED, GUARDED BY WALLS THAT THE SHREWDEST NEWS-PAPERMEN HAVE FAILED TO PENETRATE, THEY CALL THE TUNES TO WHICH THE LEADING POLITICIANS OF A METROPOLIS DANCE!...TO A YOUNG CUB REPORTER FALLS THE FANTASTIC ASSIGNMENT OF INTERVIEWING THIS ULTRA-EXCLUSIVE TRIO-- AND OUT OF HIS FUMBLING EFFORTS STEAM WILD AND PERILOUS ADVENTURES WHICH THREATEN DISASTER...UNTIL THE **CRIMSON AVENGER** AND HIS FAITHFUL ALLY **WING** APPEAR TO SEE THAT THE PUBLIC FINALLY GETS THE AMAZING STORY OF...  
**"THE THREE BEHIND THE THRONE"!**



MEET "SCOOP" CARTER, EX-STAR REPORTER OF THE MOSSVILLE WEEKLY MEGAPHONE, NOW IN SEARCH OF JOURNALISTIC FAME AND FORTUNE IN THE BIG TOWN ---

BET THEY COULD USE AN ACE REPORTER LIKE ME ON THIS SHEET!



WHEN IT COMES TO SELF ASSURANCE, 'SCOOP' HAS ENOUGH FOR A WHOLE STAFF...

WAIT! YOU CAN'T JUST WALK IN THERE!

TAKE IT EASY, CHUM! TRAVIS WILL BE GLAD TO SEE ME!



YOU'RE TRAVIS, HUH?

I'M TERRIBLY SORRY, MR. TRAVIS... I TRIED TO STOP HIM...

NEVER MIND, WIGGINS... WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, SON?



THIS IS YOUR LUCKY DAY! I'M THE BEST REPORTER IN MOSSY COUNTY, AND I'VE DECIDED TO WORK FOR YOUR PAPER!

I SEE! ER... EVER HAD ANY CITY EXPERIENCE?



I MET ALL THE TRAINS IN MOSSVILLE... I COVERED THE COUNTY FAIR... WHAT MORE EXPERIENCE COULD A FELLER NEED?

WELL, THINGS ARE A LITTLE DIFFERENT IN A CITY LIKE THIS... SOMETIMES THE WORK IS TOUGHER!



GIVE ME THE TOUGHEST ASSIGNMENT YOU CAN THINK OF, AND WATCH ME CRACK IT!

YOU FASCINATE ME, YOUNG MAN... I BELIEVE I'LL TAKE YOU UP!



THE REAL BOSSES OF THIS TOWN ARE THREE RICH MEN WHOM NO REPORTER HAS EVER INTERVIEWED... IT'S PRACTICALLY IMPOSSIBLE EVEN TO GET A LOOK AT THEM!

THIS WILL BE EASY!



THEIR NAMES ARE ADAM SCRINGE, MAGNUS KING AND CAESAR GLUTTER... GET INTERVIEWS WITH THEM AND YOU'RE WORKING FOR ME!

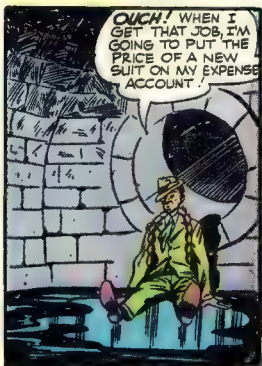
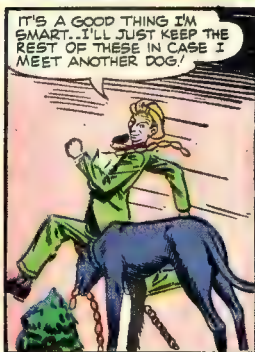
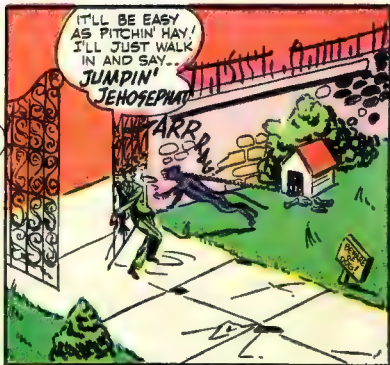
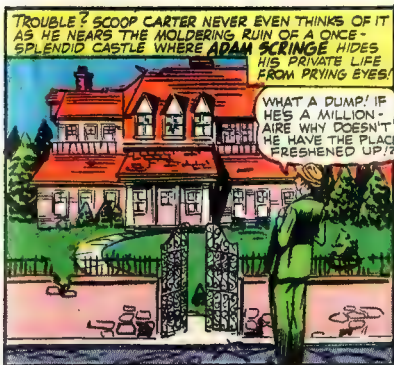
I'M PRACTICALLY ON THE PAYROLL ALREADY!

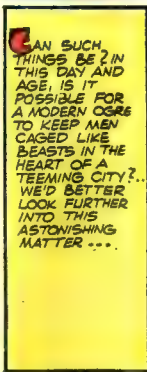
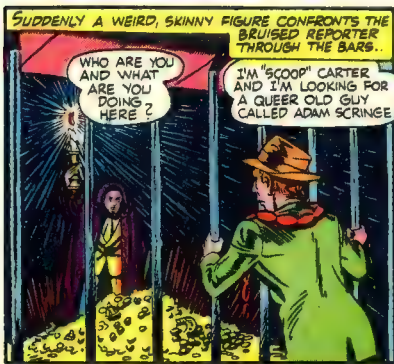


CONCEITED YOUNG FOOL... BUT FOOLS RUSH IN WHERE ANGELS FEAR TO TREAD! HOPE HE DOESN'T GET INTO TOO MUCH TROUBLE CHASING THAT IMPOSSIBLE ASSIGNMENT!

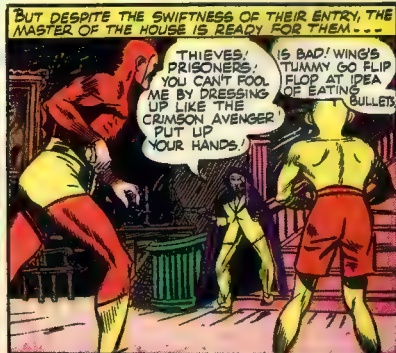
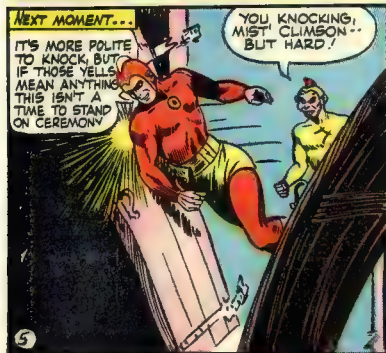
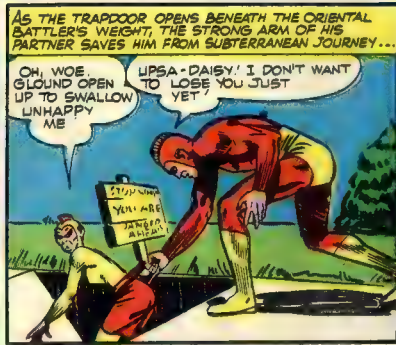
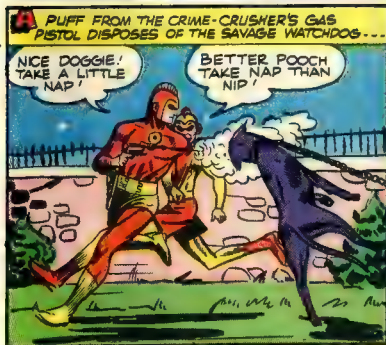
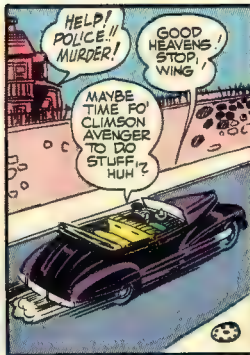
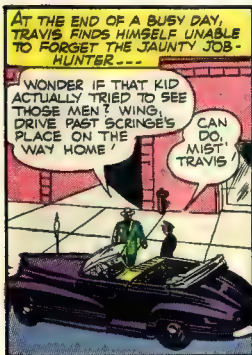












AS THE AVENGER'S HANDS RISE OBEDIENTLY, A TINY CAPSULE SLIPS FROM HIS FINGERS AND BREAKS AGAINST THE FLOOR...

YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE, SCRINGER!

YOU'RE LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE, TRYING TO GET MY GOLD!

...ABRUPTLY A CRIMSON CLOUD FILLS THE AIR, ENVELOPING THE TENSE TRIO...

WH-WHAT'S HAPPENING? EVERYTHING'S RED!

YOUR FACE OUGHT TO BE, TOO! YOU'RE GETTING A LESSON!

IF I WAS A CROOK, I'D BELIEVE MAKE YOU SHOW ME YOU NOW! WHERE THE MONEY WAS! YOU SAY THAT ALL I WANT IS THAT YOUNG SCAMP WAS REALLY A REPORTER, NOT A THIEF? THAT YOUNG REPORTER WHO CAME TO SEE YOU!

YOU SEE, I'VE AIDED THE CITY FINANCIALLY FOR YEARS--BUT SO MANY PEOPLE TRIED TO CHEAT AND ROB ME, I'VE BECOME A SUSPICIOUS OLD MAN!

IS GLOOMY! MAKE CHILLS WIGGLE UP WING'S BACKBONE!

THE ONLY WAY I COULD FIND PEACE WAS TO WALL MYSELF UP AND PRETEND TO BE A MISER--AND FOR MY UNINVITED VISITORS THERE IS THIS!

THE CRIMSON AVENGER! PLEASE GET ME OUT OF HERE!

IS IRON PAINTED LIKE GOLD!

ONCE THIS IMPETUOUS YOUNG MAN GOT OVER HIS SCARE, HE'D DISCOVER HE COULD CLIMB OUT THE WAY HE CAME IN--BUT HE'D NEVER WANT TO COME BACK! THAT'S HOW DISCOURAGED BURGLARS WITHOUT PUBLICITY!

HUH? YOU MEAN YOU WERE JOSHING ME?

BUT WHAT ABOUT THESE OTHERS?

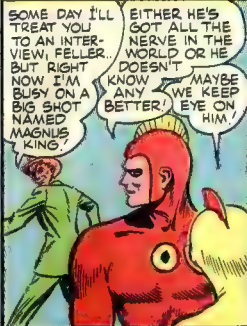
THEY'RE DUMMIES.. JUST PART OF THE STAGE SETTING!

WELL, THIS IS ONE ON ME!

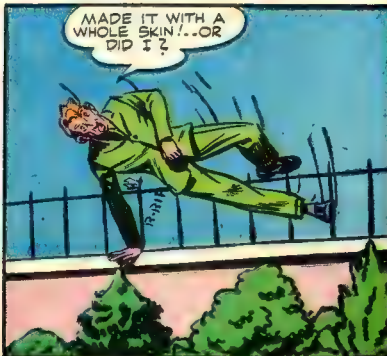
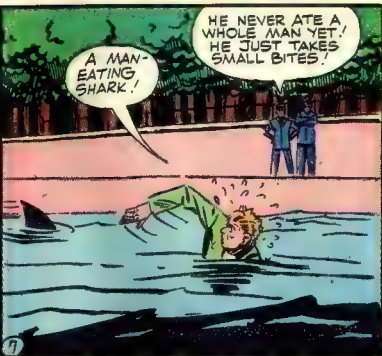
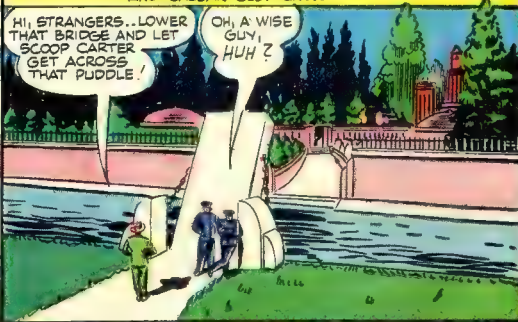
THEY LOOK VELLY SPOOKY..WE GO NOW, EH, MIST' CLIMSON?



OUTSIDE THE "MISER'S" RETREAT...



A GUARDED ISLAND FORTRESS PROVIDES PRIVACY FOR MAGNUS KING AND CAESAR GLITTER...



A MOMENT LATER...

OKAY, CHUM... YOU'RE ASKING FOR IT! MAGNUS KING WILL FIGURE OUT A WAY TO GET RID OF YOU!

KING, EH? JUST THE MAN I WANT TO SEE!

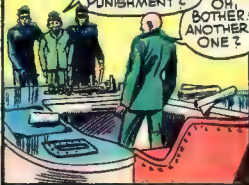


WITHIN THE HOME OF THE SECOND OF THE MYSTERIOUS TRIUMVIRATE, A STRANGE SIGHT GREETED THE UNINVITED VISITOR...

HERE'S A TRES-PASSER, SIR!

SO YOU'RE THE HIGH AND MIGHTY MAGNUS KING! I'VE GOT SOME QUESTIONS FOR YOU... DO YOU WEAR PAJAMAS OR A NIGHT-SHIRT? WHAT DO YOU THINK OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT?

OH, BOTHER! ANOTHER ONE?



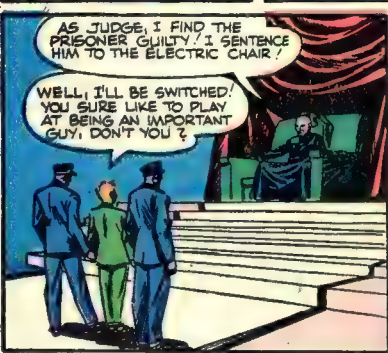
CAPITAL PUNISHMENT! THAT REMINDS ME... I WANT TO TEST OUT MY NEW SYSTEM FOR PUNISHING CROOKS... YOU SAY THE CHARGE IS BREAKING AND ENTERING?

YESSIR... SHALL WE TAKE HIM TO THE COURT-ROOM, SIR?



AS JUDGE, I FIND THE PRISONER GUILTY! I SENTENCE HIM TO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!

WELL, I'LL BE SWITCHED! YOU SURE LIKE TO PLAY AT BEING AN IMPORTANT GUY, DON'T YOU?



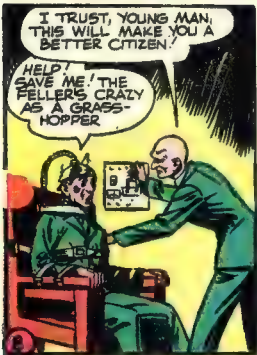
BE SURE HE CAN'T GET AWAY, MEN... NOW I'LL PRETEND I'M THE EXECUTIONER!

GOLLY... MAYBE HE ISN'T PLAYING! LET ME OUT OF THING! I JUST REMEMBERED... I'VE GOT TO SEE A MAN!



I TRUST, YOUNG MAN, THIS WILL MAKE YOU A BETTER CITIZEN!

HELP! SAVE ME! THE FELLER'S CRAZY AS A GRASS-HOPPER

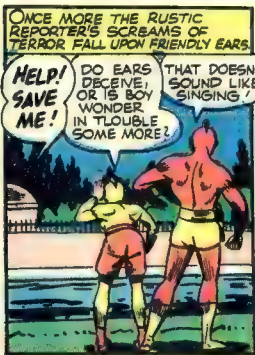


ONCE MORE THE RUSTIC REPORTER'S SCREAMS OF TERROR FALL UPON FRIENDLY EARS.

HELP! SAVE ME!

DO EARS DECEIVE, OR IS BOY WONDER IN TROUBLE SOME MORE?

THAT DOESN'T SOUND LIKE SINGING!



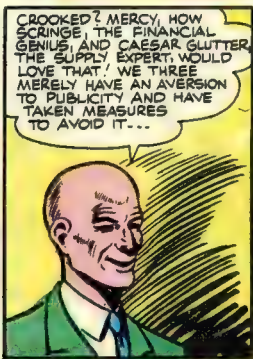
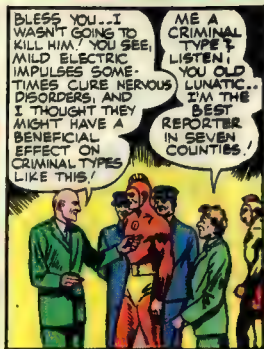
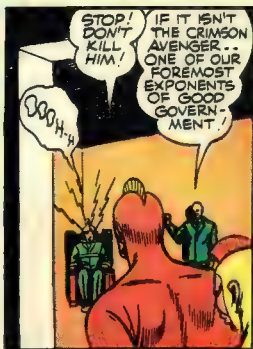
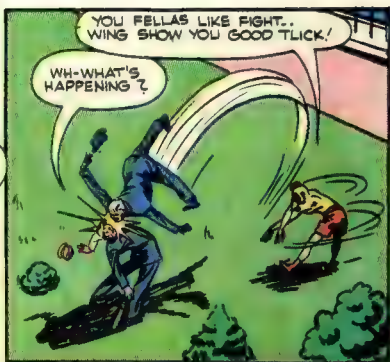
GO BACK! NOBODY ALLOWED ON THE ISLAND!

IT SEEMS WE'RE GOING TO ENCOUNTER OPPOSITION! WING!



ALLEE SAME LIKE PICNIC!

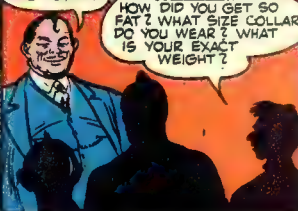




SO THIS TIME WITHOUT RISKING HEART-FAILURE, SCOOP CARTER MEETS CAESAR GLUTTER, A BIG MAN IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE...

WELCOME, CRIMSON AVENGER... I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO MEET YOU! AND SINCE YOU VOUCH FOR HIM, I'LL EVEN STAND FOR HAVING A REPORTER IN THE PLACE!

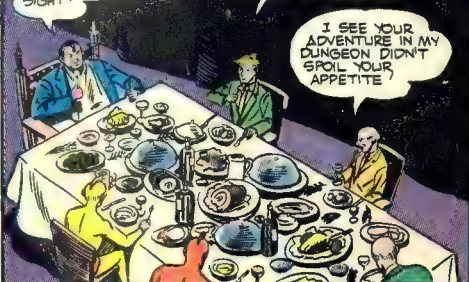
HOW DID YOU GET SO FAT? WHAT SIZE COLLAR DO YOU WEAR? WHAT IS YOUR EXACT WEIGHT?



I LOVE TO EAT, BUT I DON'T LIKE TO BE LAUGHED AT... SO I KEEP OUT OF SIGHT!

JIMMINY... EVEN AT THRESHING TIME THEY NEVER SERVED MEALS LIKE THIS IN MOSSVILLE!

I SEE YOUR ADVENTURE IN MY DUNGEON DIDN'T SPOIL YOUR APPETITE!

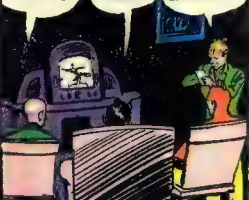


A MUSICAL SHOW SEEN BY TELEVISION PROVIDES AFTER-DINNER ENTERTAINMENT...

CAESAR BRINGS THE WORLD TO US HERMITS!

ALL THE BIG ORCHESTRAS GIVE CONCERTS HERE!

EVER TRY ANY JITTER-BUG DANCES, CAESAR?



AND IN THE END, THE NERVIEST REPORTER EVER TO LEAVE MOSSVILLE GETS THE STRANGEST STORY OF THE YEAR...

YOUNG MAN WE'VE DECIDED YOU CAN TELL THE WORLD... JUST THIS ONCE... THAT WE'RE ONLY ORDINARY PEOPLE AFTER ALL, BUT DON'T EVER COME BACK!

ORDINARY? BY THE WAY, G-GOSH SCOOP... ALL WHAT PAPER ARE YOU WITH?



NEXT DAY, THE GLOBE-LEADER PRINTS A SENSATIONAL EDITION...



IN PUBLISHER TRAVIS' OFFICE...

I SAID I'D GET YOUR STORY, DIDN'T I? HOW ABOUT THE JOB?

IT'S YOURS... BY THE WAY, DIDN'T YOU NEED ANY HELP GETTING THOSE MEN TO TALK TO YOU?



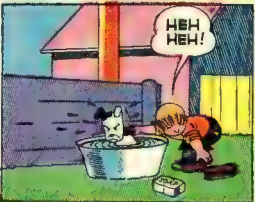
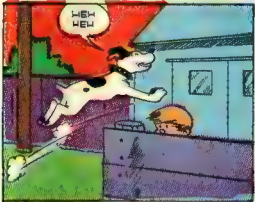
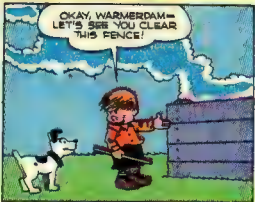
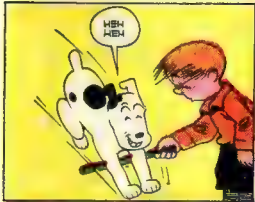
OH, A FELLER CALLED THE CRIMSON AVENGER GAVE ME A HAND ONCE OR TWICE... BUT I'D HAVE DONE ALL RIGHT WITHOUT HIM!



A SCOOP A MONTH IS THE QUOTA AS THE CRIMSON AVENGER AND WING SMASH THEIR SPECTACULAR WAY THROUGH AMAZING ADVENTURES IN EACH AND EVERY ISSUE OF DETECTIVE COMICS!



# A Man's Best Friend?



**IT'S FREE!**  
Don't Miss This up-to-the-minute  
**NEW BOOK**  
**THE AGE OF CHEMISTRY**

The age of chemistry may well be called "the age of opportunity" for boys and girls who become interested in chemistry. Every industry and home in America uses new and better products produced by our big chemical plants and made possible by the discoveries of Modern Chemistry. This new book describes many mystifying experiments you can perform to amaze your friends and tells you about the wonders of Chemistry. Write today—it's FREE.

**THE PORTER CHEMICAL COMPANY**  
52 Prospect Ave. Hagerstown, Md.

**54 Colored 2 1/2x3 Western Star Pictures 30¢**  
**25 Colored 5x7 Movie Star Pictures 30¢**

You may have a set of 54 pictures all Cowboys and Cowgirls. Size 2 1/2x3 for 50¢, or you may have a set of most Popular Movie Stars. Size 5x7 for 30¢, or both for 60¢. All in colors.

This offer good any time.  
Screen Art Studios, Dept. 2  
2529 N. Richmond St., Chicago

**High School Course at Home** **Many Finish in 2 Years**

Go as rapidly as your time and ability permit. Course equivalent to resident school work—preparation for college entrance exam. Standard 18 H. Units Required. Diploma. Credit for 8-9 subjects already completed. Single subjects if desired. High school education is very important for advancement in business and industry and socially. Don't be handicapped all your life. Be a High School Graduate. Start your training now. Free Bulletin on request. No obligation.

American School, Dept. H-553, Division at 50th, Chicago

**Pledge Your Support**  
**BUY WAR SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS**

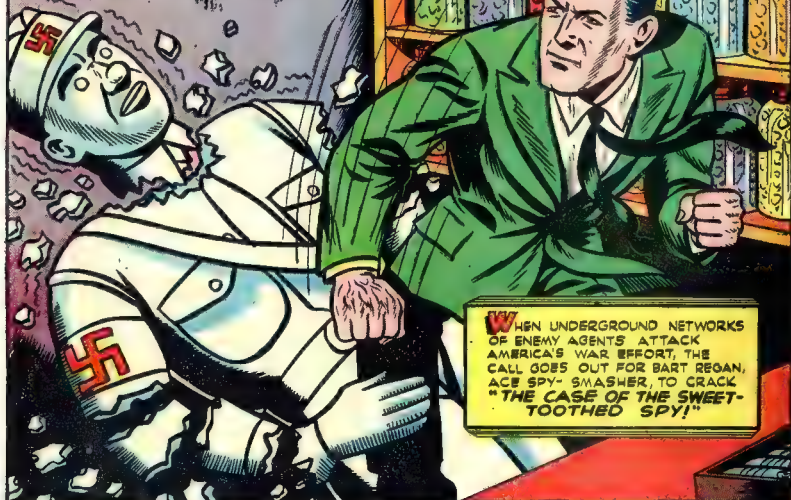
**DOUBLE DEMONS of DESTRUCTION!!**

THAT'S WHAT THEY CALL  
**YANK AND DOODLE**  
WHEN  
**AMERICA'S FIGHTING TWINS**  
GO ON THE RAMPAGE AGAINST  
WOULD-BE NAZI INVA,  
IN THE NOVEMBER ISSUE OF  
**PRIZE COMICS**  
NOW ON SALE

**PLUS A FLOCK OF OTHER HIGH-POWERED FEATURES!**



# SPY



**W**HEN UNDERGROUND NETWORKS OF ENEMY AGENTS ATTACK AMERICA'S WAR EFFORT, THE CALL GOES OUT FOR BART REGAN, ACE SPY- SMASHER, TO CRACK "THE CASE OF THE SWEET-TOOTHED SPY!"

AT F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS....

I TRIED TO GET HERE AS SOON AS YOU CALLED, CHIEF!

I WANT YOU IN ON THIS CASE, REGAN! IT CONCERNS THE SPY RING WE'VE BEEN TRYING TO BREAK!



KELLER, ONE OF THE SPIES, IS IN HIDING AND READY TO TALK. HE JUST CALLED AND SAID HE'D MEET ME AT THE SWEET CANDY STORE ON BLANK STREET!



REGAN DECIDES TO WORK IN SECRET....

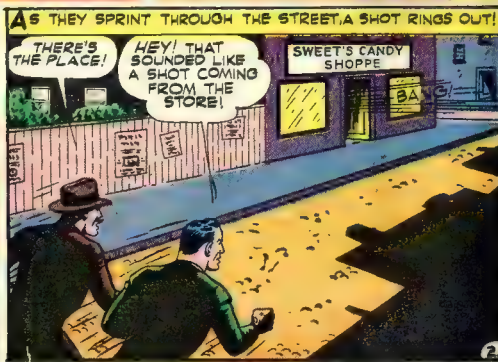
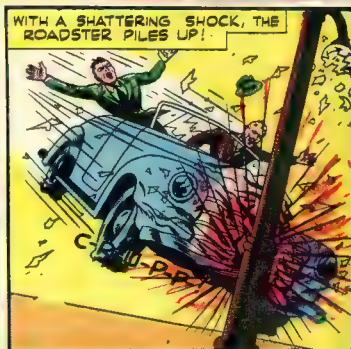
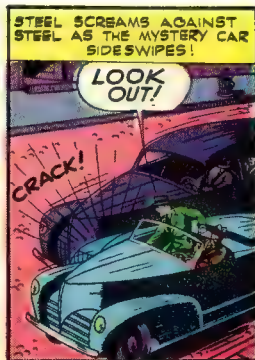
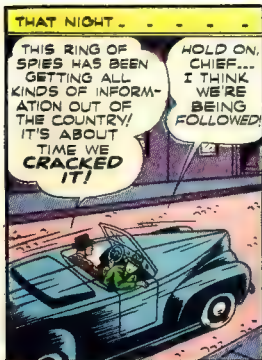
THIS IS SENSATIONAL! I'LL GO WITH YOU AND COVER THIS STORY FOR MY PAPER!

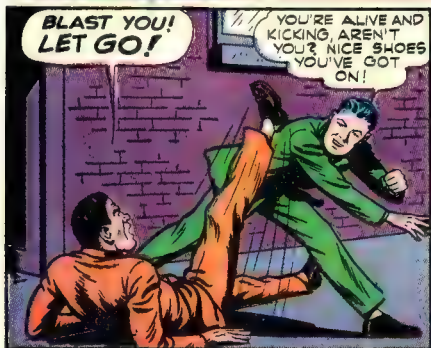
SORRY, SOULE! I THINK THE CHIEF AND I HAD BETTER GO ALONE!... TORT... ORDER A CAR!



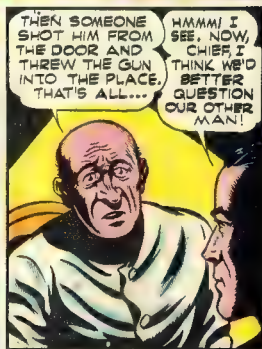
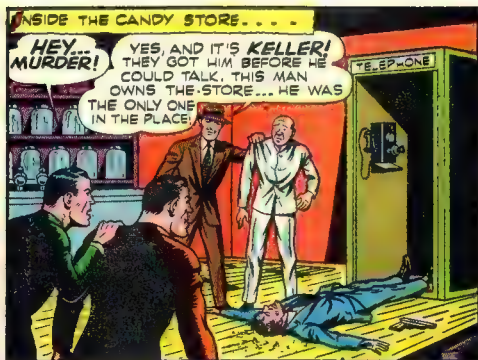
YES, SIR!

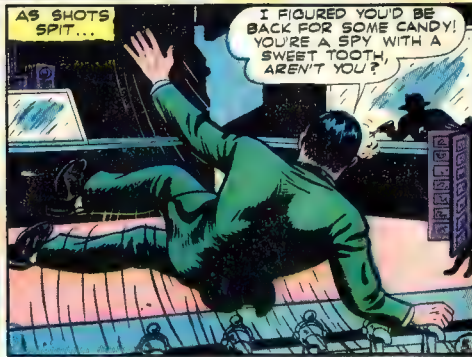
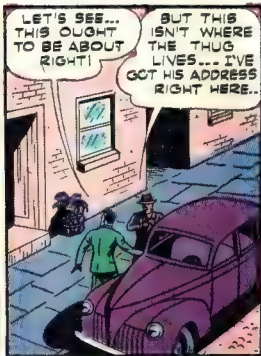
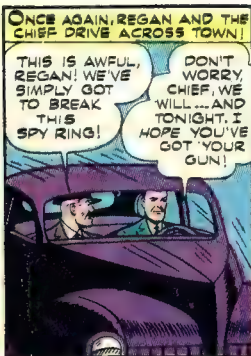
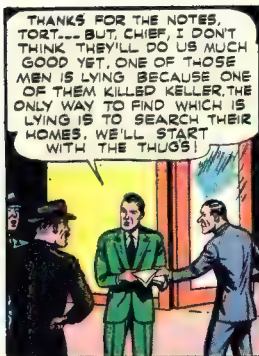














**A SPIN OF THE POST-CARD RACK SENDS UP A BLIZZARD OF CARDS!**

PUT AWAY YOUR GUN, FRIEND! YOU'RE IN A BLIZZARD!



**SUFFERIN' CATS!**  
DON'T TELL ME HE CAME HERE WITH A GUN TO GET SOME CANDY!

THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT THIS SPY DID, CHIEF!



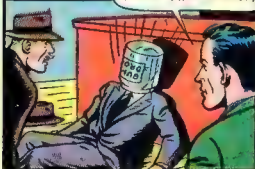
AND, IF HE WANTS CANDY, HE'S GOING TO GET PLENTY!



**AND IN A HAZE OF CANDY REGAN'S ASSAILANT BLACKS OUT!**

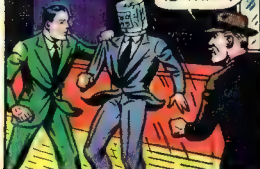
WELL, WHO IS IT? IS HE THE ONE WHO KILLED KELLER?

NO, CHIEF! THE CANDY MAN KILLED KELLER. HE WAS THE REAL LEADER OF THIS RING. I KNEW THAT AS SOON AS HE TOLD HIS STORY!



THE CANDY MAN LIED. HE SAID KELLER'D BEEN SHOT WHEN HE WAS PHONING. BUT IF THAT WAS TRUE, THEN THE RECEIVER WOULD HAVE BEEN DANGLING BY THE CORD. IT WASN'T. YOU HAD TO PICK IT OFF THE HOOK TO PHONE THE COPS!

BUT WHO IS THIS?

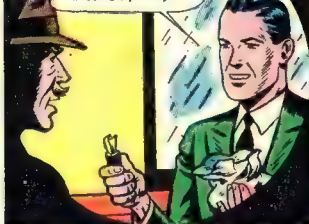


**GREAT SCOTT! TORT!!**

YES! THE REASON I STALLED AROUND WITH THAT SEARCH STORY WAS TO FIND OUT WHO THE SPY-AGENT WAS AT HEADQUARTERS! SOMEBODY THERE WAS REVEALING INFORMATION. THAT'S HOW THEY WERE ABLE TO KILL KELLER BEFORE WE ARRIVED!



I SCARED TORT WITH MY SEARCH TALK AND HE TRIED TO GET HERE TO HIDE EVIDENCE OF THE CANDY MAN'S GUILT! THEY WERE SENDING INFORMATION CONCEALED IN CANDY!! ... HAVE A PIECE OF EVIDENCE?



YOU'LL TAKE TO **SPY** ADVENTURES LIKE A KID TO KANDY™ IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **DETECTIVE COMICS**

# SHARP EYES

by Alan Dell

HE lounged easily against the gate of the wooden fort and, a painter seeing him, would have been instantly inspired. He was tall and big-chested, with a determined chin, and eyes that had seen much. He seemed so a part of this wild, rugged country that he had carved out.

In the fading afternoon, he stood there in his woodsman's clothes, rough as the people themselves, and just as durable. The tail of his coonskin cap was out of sight beyond a rough-hewn post. He felt very happy; things seemed to be working out nicely.

\* \* \*

All he had promised was before his eyes now. The rich soil, covered with woods in which fed wild turkey in abundance. There was a great salt lick nearby to which the buffalo had worn a regular road, and one had only to wait until the many creatures of the woods arrived to obtain fresh meat. All in all, it was an ideal place, plenty of water, plenty of game, and plenty of rich land. It had been an ideal place to settle, build a fort.

If only the Indians would come to terms!

\* \* \*

The tall man sighed. He had sought peace, but the Indians would have none of it. True, since the stockade had been built, they had acquired a healthy respect for the lightning sticks, as they called the guns. And Big Thunder, the small cannon, was enough to keep them away for miles.

"Maybe," the tall man murmured, "fear will bring them

here with offers of peace."

But his words were doubtful as his expression. The young braves were spoiling for fights. They had been seen in the vicinity of the fort. As a result, all had been ordered to stay close to the stockade's protection. It would be better that way, even though confining. And the tall man knew how much the good people of the settlement liked to bathe in the river, particularly on a hot July day like this.

He took off his cap, wiped his damp brow. He was about to replace the headgear when suddenly he caught sight of a woman running toward him. Her face was white as her dress.

"The girls," she panted. "They went down to the river. And now they're gone! The canoe is overturned!"

Instantly, all languor left the tall man. He grasped the excited woman by the arm. "Didn't I say everyone should stay away from the river until this Indian trouble blows over?"

\* \* \*

The woman quailed beneath the burning, intense eyes. "Yes," she stammered, "but—but—even your own daughter, Jemima, disobeyed. She was with two friends!"

"My daughter!" The tall man's face tensed. She was his pride and joy, this laughing eyed girl. For a moment, he stood stunned. The woman watched his face anxiously. What was he going to do? Was his fierce anger about to assert itself?

She gasped in surprise, unable to smother the exclamation; for, as he spoke, his voice

was calm and confident. "It is a good thing Jemima was with the other girls," he said. "It will help us in the search. Quick, round up these men." Rapidly, he gave the trembling woman the names of six of his best men.

\* \* \*

Then, he ran into his own house, brought out the long rifle he had learned to use so well. His fingers caressed it fondly, even anxiously. Ever since childhood a rifle like this had always been within distance. Oddly, he wondered now what he would have done without it, on those long marches, those interminable struggles for food. It had been his constant companion, his good right arm.

His lips moved, and though the words were unintelligible, if one were nearby, one could see the resolve in his face. He would save the three girls—if it were not too late!

By now, the men had assembled. Their faces were grim as they followed the tall man down to the river bank. Fear was written in their faces, too; not fear for what might come, but fear for the safety of loved ones. Indians, they knew, lived by one rule: cruelty.

\* \* \*

And it was Indians. It was all too apparent as their eyes followed the movements of the tall man. He had bent down to the ground, and was studying footprints. The braves must have been hiding in the bushes, their hostile eyes regarding the whites they intended to take captive. The marks showed that the girls were too far from the fort to have attention paid to their screams.



The tall man looked up as one of the party said:

"I guess it's hopeless. Them Injuns won't leave a wisp of trail." His shoulders were slumped dejectedly. "And if they went through them woods, we'll never find 'em."

"We'll find them," the tall man said without hesitation. "Come on." He moved rapidly across the grass like some magnificent animal stalking its prey, every muscle fluid yet tense. His long rifle was held carefully in his right hand. Anxiously, the other men followed him, keeping up with difficulty.

The tall man's eyes were on the ground, but every now and then they darted to right and to left. He was too wise in Indian lore to be caught by ambush. Suddenly, he went to his knees, studied the ground. When he arose, a smile was on his face. His daughter had learned well, he thought proudly, although there was still resentment in his heart that she should have disobeyed his orders.

Not a single, alien clue escaped the tall man's eyes as the anxious party pressed onward through the fast-failing day. Soon it would be night, and the search must be stopped until daylight again arrived.

\* \* \*

Onward, mile after mile they pressed, until darkness fell. The men, tired and weary, yet filled with a burning determination to find the captive girls, wanted to go on. The tall man murmured: "We can do nothing tonight," he said. "Perhaps in the morning we'll overtake them."

"But they'll be dead," a member of the party protested, "afore we can help them." His name was Flanders Calloway.

Quietly, the tall man said: "It will be an evil day for the entire tribe if one hair of those girls' heads is touched." His long, strong fingers closed over the rifle. True, the Indians seldom killed young girls, preferring to keep them as slaves,

But that, the tall man had determined, was not to happen!

At the first signs of daybreak they were off again, following the leader, who once more was studying the terrain, like a hawk seeking prey. Nothing escaped those bright, burning eyes—nothing!

It was he whose keen nose first smelled the smoke of the morning fire!

He held up his hand, drew the men to him, and in whispered tones told them their duties. He would scout ahead. At the sound of a shot, they were to deploy on the encampment.

With bated breath the men watched him go, a lean figure of vengeance. Then they spread out as directed.

There were three braves in the party, big and awesome in their war paint. They stood over the fire, cooking meat. A mongrel dog watched, greedy eyes awaiting his portion.

\* \* \*

Hidden behind a tree, the tall man felt his heart beat faster. The girls were safe! He could see them now, as two of the braves moved away. His daughter, her back firm, sat on the ground, cradling in her lap the heads of two other girls, who were sobbing hysterically. The braves were paying no attention to them.

Noiselessly, the tall man raised his rifle. His keen eye looked down the long sight, judged the distance. It was a true test of a marksman, this shot he was called upon to make. He must bring down an Indian on the first shot, trust to panic to accomplish the rest. They would never expect to be followed this far!

Suddenly, the mongrel dog noticed the first ray of the rising sun glinting on the long barrel. A warning bark rose from his throat. The leader of the braves looked toward the woods.

Crack! The rifle shot was straight and true, the hand

holding the gun was steady! The brave pitched forward. The other two Indians reached for their tomahawks.

And then, rifle shot followed rifle shot. The tall man ran forward, unmindful of the two wounded Indians who staggered toward the protection of the woods. The party had been alert; they would take care of the escaping Indians! His only thought now was for the safety of the girls.

"Father!" His daughter ran toward him, her face shining in happiness, despite her tears. The other girls crowded around him, and the stern face softened. Time enough when they got back to the fort to reprimand the girls.

In a few moments, the party was together, setting off toward the fort. One of the girls was beaming on Flanders Calloway, and the tall man, looking at them, smiled. Even in times such as these, love would out. He did not know then that within a few weeks, Flanders Calloway and the girl would be wed, making the first marriage in Kentucky.

\* \* \*

No, he wasn't thinking of that. He was listening now to his daughter, who was saying: "I wasn't the least bit afraid, Father. I knew that you would follow the trail I left."

The tall man's eyes softened. "I found it," he said. "Your training stood you in good stead, lass, dropping a piece of cloth here and there, and leaving footprints in damp spots." Then he shook his head, added severely. "Nevertheless, we might not have found you."

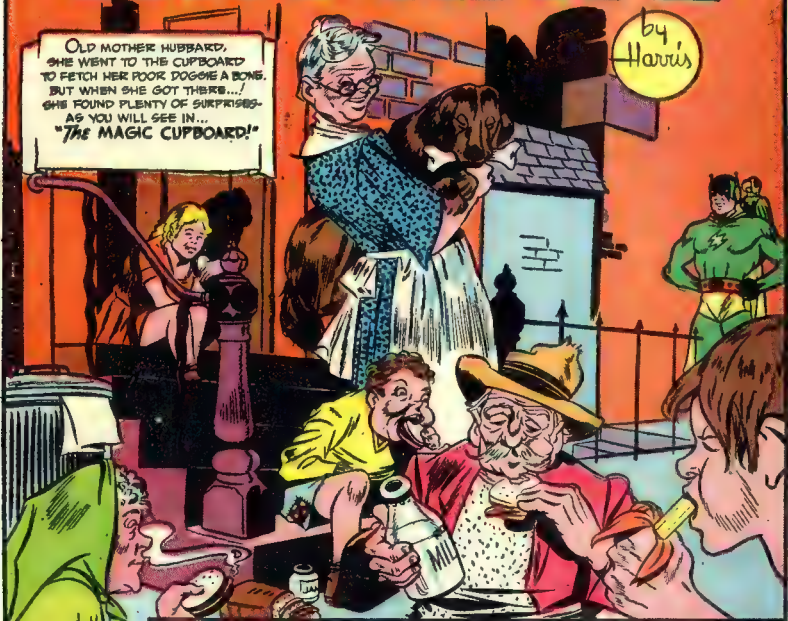
She looked at him fondly, her eyes shining as she slipped an arm through her father's. "Not find us?" she said softly. "There isn't an Indian or a creature of the woods that can hide from the eyes of Daniel Boone!"

Daniel Boone smiled to himself. Being human, he liked flattery, too!

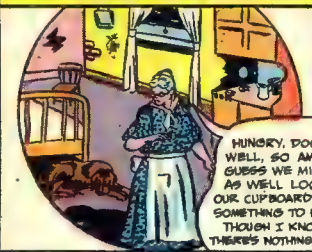
# AIR WAVE

by Harris

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD,  
SHE WENT TO THE CUPBOARD  
TO FETCH HER POOR DOGGIE A BONE.  
BUT WHEN SHE GOT THERE...!  
SHE FOUND PLENTY OF SURPRISES—  
AS YOU WILL SEE IN...  
"THE MAGIC CUPBOARD!"



IN A POORLY FURNISHED APARTMENT LIVES  
OLD MOTHER HUBBARD, KINDLY LITTLE LADY...

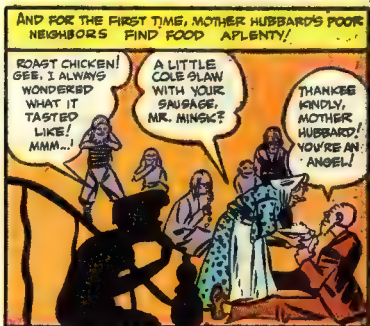


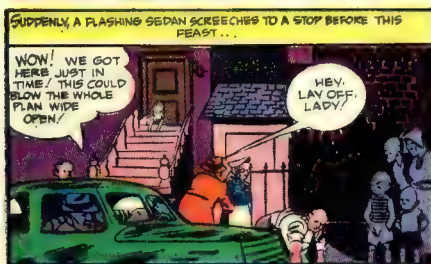
HUNGRY, DOGGIE?  
WELL, SO AM I!  
GUESS WE MIGHT  
AS WELL LOOK IN  
OUR CUPBOARD FOR  
SOMETHING TO EAT,  
THOUGH I KNOW  
THERE'S NOTHING THERE!

LAND SAKES!  
CAN I BELIEVE  
MY EYES! TH-  
THIS IS  
IMPOSSIBLE!











A QUICK CHANGE OF COSTUME...

COME OUT,  
STATIC. LOOKS  
LIKE AIR WAVE'S  
GOT AN  
INTRIGUING  
LITTLE JOB  
AT HAND!

AWWRK!

...AND AIR WAVE SOARS ACROSS THE CITY!

I'VE HEARD  
OF ALL KINDS  
OF ROBBERIES...  
BUT CHICKENS  
AND SAUSAGES  
IS A NEW  
ONE ON ME!

IT'S WISE  
CHILD THAT  
COUNTS ITS  
CHICKENS!  
AWWRK!

LET ME  
GO, YOU  
SCOUNDRELS!

HEY! WE'D  
BETTER LOOK  
INTO  
THIS!

GET  
INSIDE!  
WE DON'T  
WANT THIS  
DAME SNOOPIN'  
AROUND  
TONIGHT!

AS THE CAR CAREENS DOWN  
THE STREET WITH ITS CAPTIVE...

LET'S SEE IF WE CAN'T  
BROADCAST A WARNING  
INTO THAT CAR AND  
SAVE SOME TROUBLE!

AWRK! SPEECH  
IS SILVER, BUT  
SILENCE IS WHERE  
YOU FIND IT...  
HAR! HAR!

STOP  
THIS CAR!

HEY, WHO'S  
YAPPIN' AT ME?  
DON'T KNOW  
WHETHER I'M  
COMIN' OR  
GOIN'!

WATCH  
WHERE YOU'RE  
DRIVIN'  
SAP!

YOU CAN'T  
GET AWAY  
WITH  
THIS!

CONFUSED BY THE CRACKLING  
VOICES, THE DRIVER LOSES  
CONTROL...

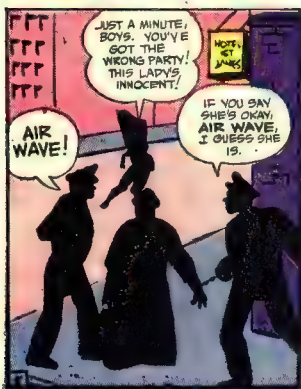
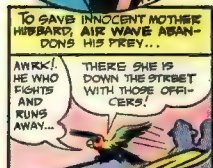
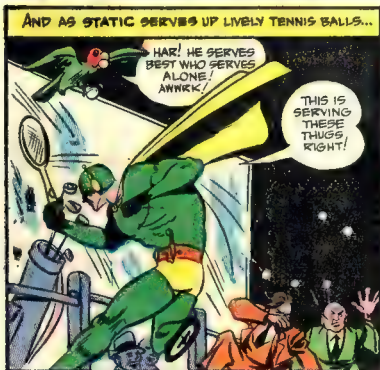
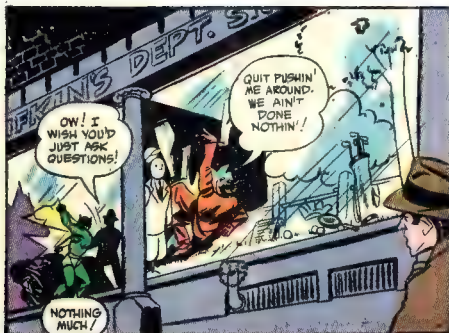
CRASH

OH-OH!  
THE STUPID  
FOOLS HAVE  
CRACKED  
UP! I HOPE  
NO ONES  
HURT!

AIR  
WAVE!

HOW'D  
HE BREAK  
INTO  
THIS CASE?

GREETINGS  
AND  
SALUTATIONS,  
BOYS! I'M  
GOING TO  
FIRE FIRST.  
AND ASK  
QUESTIONS  
LATER!





IN MOTHER HUBBARD'S LITTLE CELLAR ROOM, AIR WAVE EXAMINES THE CUPBOARD...

I WONDER WHY THOSE BAD MEN TRIED TO CAPTURE ME? THEY SAID IT WOULD BE ONLY FOR TONIGHT!

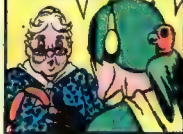
SO THIS IS THE CLOSET THAT WAS MYSTERIOUSLY FILLED! HMM!



WHAT, MORE FOOD? I COULD SWEAR I EMPTIED THE CUPBOARD FOR MY NEIGHBORS!

I THINK I UNDERSTAND WHAT'S HAPPENED, MOTHER HUBBARD, AND I'LL HAVE THIS CASE CLOSED TONIGHT!

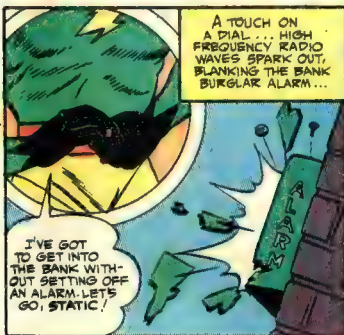
AWK! HURRY! HAR-HAR.



THAT NIGHT, A STEALTHY FORM MOUNTS THE WALL OF THE BANK ADJOINING SCHMALTZ'S DELICATESSEN.

AWK!

SHHH! QUIET, STATIC! MY MAGNETIC PLATES MAKE ENOUGH NOISE ON THIS DRAIN PIPE.



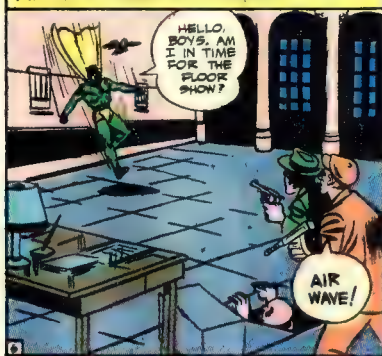
A TOUCH ON A DIAL... HIGH FREQUENCY RADIO WAVES SPARK OUT, BLANKING THE BANK BURGLAR ALARM...

I'VE GOT TO GET INTO THE BANK WITHOUT SETTING OFF AN ALARM. LET'S GO, STATIC!



WE'RE JUST IN TIME! THOSE THUGS ARE COMING UP THROUGH THE FLOOR NOW.

WITH THE DRIVE OF A SLEDGE-HAMMER, AIR WAVE PLUMMETS DOWNWARD.



HELLO, BOYS, AM I IN TIME FOR THE FLOOR SHOW?

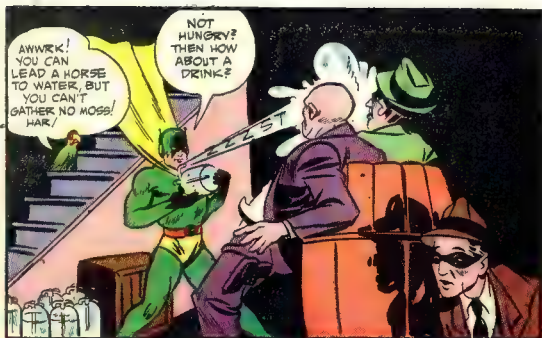
AIR WAVE!

LASHING OUT WITH TRIP-HAMMER BLOWS, AIR WAVE SENDS THE THUGS BACK THROUGH THEIR UNDERGROUND TUNNEL...



LET'S TALK THIS OVER, BOYS. THERE'S PLENTY OF FOOD FOR THOUGHT HERE!

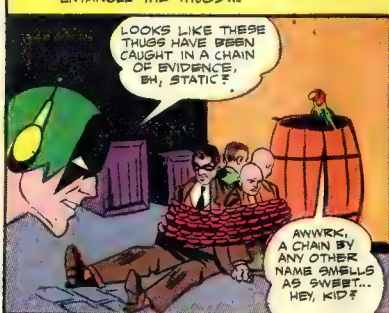
I THINK I'M GETTIN' OUT OF HERE!



THE THUGS FLEE, BUT...



AND AS FIFTEEN FEET OF FRANKFURTERS ENTANGLE THE THUGS...



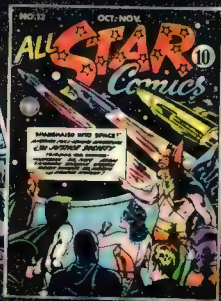
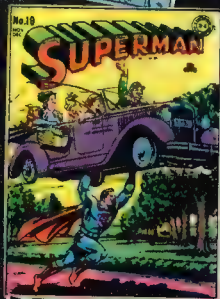
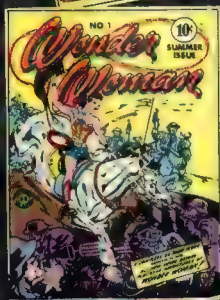


# DON'T MISS YOUR FAVORITES!

# NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE!



LOOK FOR THIS  
TRADEMARK  
FOR  
THE BEST IN  
COMIC MAGAZINES!



# SLAM BRADLEY

REMBRANDT, COROT...  
THEY'RE FAMOUS NAMES  
IN THE WORLD OF ART!  
TO THOSE YOU CAN ADD  
SLAM BRADLEY AND  
SHORTY MORGAN! MAY-  
BE THEY'LL NEVER  
PAINT A MASTERPIECE,  
BUT FOR A TRULY  
ARTISTIC JOB OF JAW-  
JABBING, THEY CAN'T  
BE BEATEN! FOR  
EXAMPLE, SEE THE  
COLORFUL WAY THEY  
BUCK A PAINT-SLAPPING  
BLITZKRIEG IN THE  
COCKEYED

**CASE OF THE  
ARTISTIC  
APE??**



THE DETECTIVE BUSINESS  
HAS ITS UPS AND DOWNS-  
MOSTLY DOWNS!!

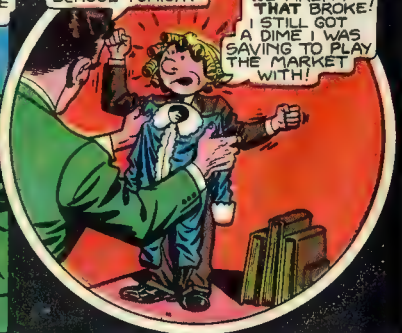
HI, BIG AND  
BUSTED!  
WHATCHA  
GOT IN THAT  
CASE- A  
CASE???

YOU'D BE  
SURPRISED! I  
PICKED UP A LITTLE  
JOB FOR YOU FOR  
TONIGHT...

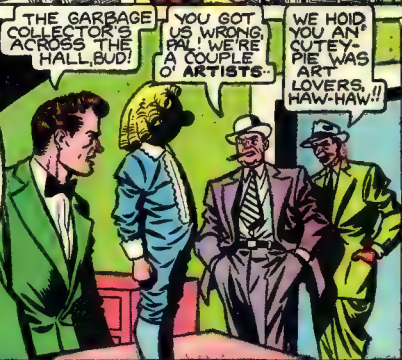
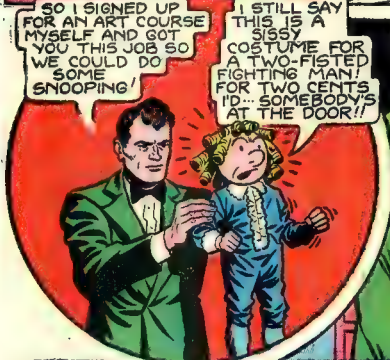
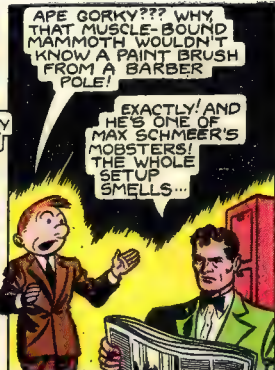
BRADLEY  
AND  
MORGAN  
PRIVATE DETECTIVES

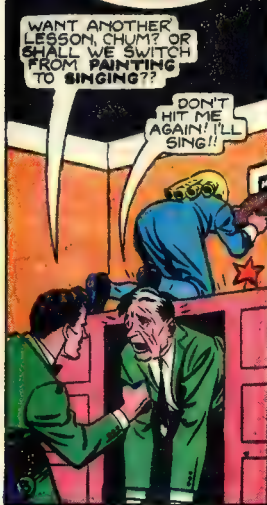
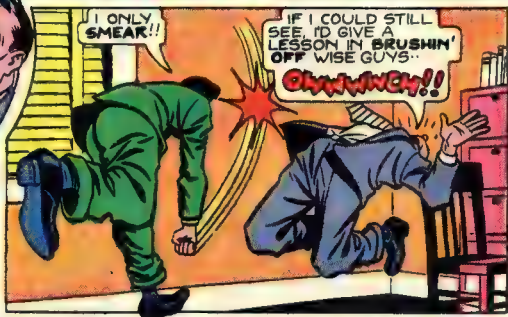
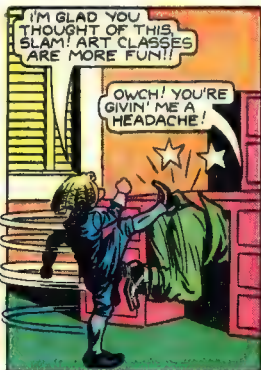
YOU'RE GOING TO  
POSE AS LITTLE  
BOY BLUE FOR  
THE LIFE CLASS  
AT DAUBER ART  
SCHOOL TONIGHT!

OH, NO! TRY  
TO PUT THAT  
RIG ON ME AND  
I'LL BOP YOU,  
SO HELP ME!  
WE AREN'T  
THAT BROKE!  
I STILL GOT  
A DIME I WAS  
SAVING TO PLAY  
THE MARKET  
WITH!

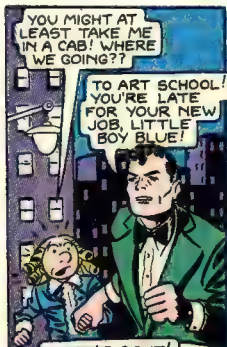








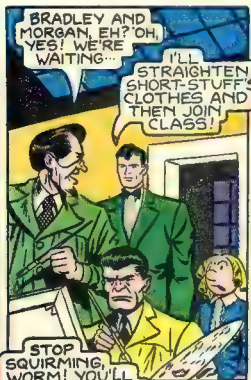




YOU MIGHT AT LEAST TAKE ME IN A CAB! WHERE WE GOING??

TO ART SCHOOL! YOU'RE LATE FOR YOUR NEW JOB, LITTLE BOY BLUE!

I WON'T DO IT! NOT EVEN FOR TEN GRAND WILL I STAND UP THERE IN THIS DIZZY GET-UP BEFORE ALL THOSE...



BRADLEY AND MORGAN, EH? OH, YES! WE'RE WAITING...

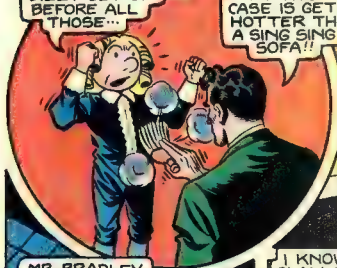
I'LL STRAIGHTEN SHORT-STUFF'S CLOTHES AND THEN JOIN CLASS!

STOP SQUIRMING, WORM! YOU'LL POSE AND LIKE IT! THIS CASE IS GETTING HOTTER THAN A SING SING SOFA!!



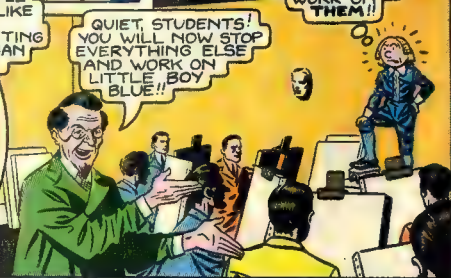
HEY, SLAM! PIPE THE GLORIFIED GORILLA!

THAT'S APE GORKY! COME ON IN THE DRESSING ROOM!



MR. BRADLEY, MAY I SEE YOU A MOMENT IN MY OFFICE?

SURE! BUT I WARN YOU, I HAVE ALL THE PORTRAIT-ORDERS I CAN HANDLE THIS WEEK!



QUIET, STUDENTS! YOU WILL NOW STOP EVERYTHING ELSE AND WORK ON LITTLE BOY BLUE!!

IF I CATCH THOSE FATHEADS LAUGHING, LITTLE BOY BLUE'LL WORK ON THEM!!



I KNOW YOU'RE SLAM BRADLEY, THE DETECTIVE, AND I KNOW YOU'RE HERE INVESTIGATING MY STOLEN PAINTING...

ONE OF US SEEMS TO BE A DETECTIVE- AND IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE ME!



I KNOW YOU SUSPECT MY STUDENT, MR. GORKY! BUT YOU MUSTN'T! I ASSURE YOU, HE HAS REAL ARTISTIC TALENT!

JUST A MISUNDERSTOOD GENIUS AT HEART, HUH? HOW TOUCHING...

HE HAS A REAL ARTISTIC SOUL--AND HE'S ABANDONED CRIME FOREVER! COME ALONG AND I'LL PROVE IT TO YOU!

BROTHER, IF YOU CAN DO THAT, YOU'RE THE GENIUS!!

SEE? MR. GORKY STAYED NIGHTS AFTER SCHOOL AND PAINTED THIS! IT'S THE HIGH SPOT OF OUR SPECIAL EXHIBIT OPENING TONIGHT!

I SEE--BUT I STILL DON'T BELIEVE IT! DID APE PAINT THIS BEFORE OR AFTER THE THEFT OF YOUR MASTERPIECE?

AFTER--SO YOU CAN'T SUSPECT HIM! I BEG YOU NOT TO WOUND HIS SENSITIVE SOUL BY UNJUST SUSPICION! COME! IT'S REST PERIOD FOR THE CLASS!

IF THAT MAYHEM ARTIST HAS A SOUL, IT'S WHERE I'LL NEVER FIND IT!

FIFTEEN MINUTE RECESS, STUDENTS!

FIND ANYTHING, SHEER-LUCK--I MEAN, SHERLOCK??

SOME BODY'S CLEVER AROUND HERE--AND I HAVE A FEELING IT ISN'T ME! OH-OH--

HEY, WE'RE SLIPPING, SLAM! THOSE TWO YEGGS CAN STILL WALK!

DON'T CRY! WE'LL DO BETTER NEXT TIME! AND I HAVE A FEELING IT WON'T BE LONG! COME ON!

PROFESSOR DAUBER, WE'RE ART LOVERS! WE CAME TO SEE YOUR EXHIBIT OF STUDENT PAINTINGS!

HOW DELIGHTFUL! DO COME IN!

I CAN DIE HAPPY NOW! I'VE SEEN EVERYTHING...

NOT YET, YOU HAVEN'T, SQUIRT! WAIT, AND SEE THE BLOW-OFF!!

AND THIS WAS PAINTED BY OUR STAR STUDENT, MR. GORKY!

OH, I LIKE THAT! I'LL BUY IT IF IT'S FOR SALE...

WOW! GET IT NOW!!





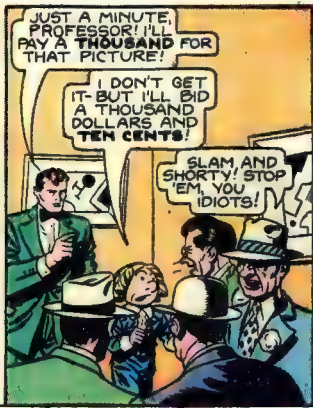
OH, THANK YOU, SIR! NOW I CAN CONTINUE MY RACKE... I MEAN, MY STUDIES!

IT'S A MARVELOUS SMEAR... I MEAN, PAINTING! I'M GLAD TO PAY FIVE HUNDRED FOR IT!



FAN MY BROW! I'M DELIRIOUS! IF YOU GET ANYTHING OUT OF THIS BUT A DIZZY FEELING, YOU'RE A BETTER DETECTIVE THAN I AM!

I GET PLENTY, PAL--AND IT ADDS UP TO TEN THOUSAND BUCKS REWARD!! COME ON--



JUST A MINUTE, PROFESSOR! I'LL PAY A THOUSAND FOR THAT PICTURE!

I DON'T GET IT-- BUT I'LL BID A THOUSAND DOLLARS AND TEN CENTS!

SLAM, AND SHORTY! STOP 'EM, YOU IDIOTS!

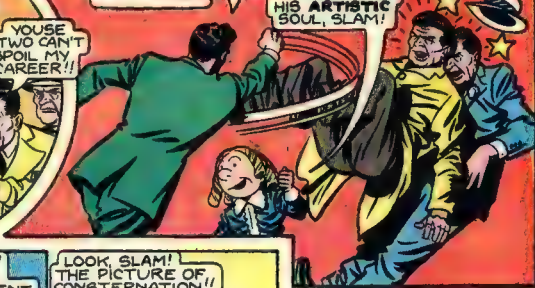


HAH! DIS TIME THINGS IS GONNA BE DIFFERENT!

YOU'RE TELLING ME! LAST TIME YOU TWO LEFT UNDER YOUR OWN POWER!

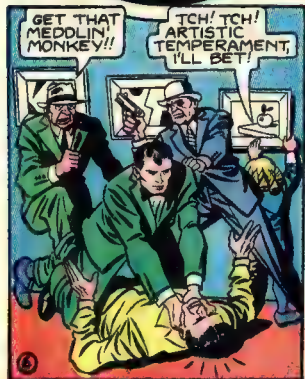
YOUSE TWO CAN'T SPOIL MY CAREER!!

I WOULDN'T THINK OF IT, APEY DEAR! ALL I WANT TO SPOIL IS YOUR FACE!



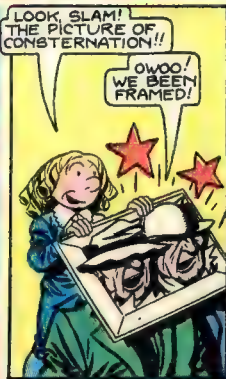
CAREFUL OF HIS ARTISTIC SOUL, SLAM!

OWW!



GET THAT MEDDLIN' MONKEY!!

TCH! TCH! ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT, I'LL BET!



LOOK, SLAM! THE PICTURE OF CONSTERNATION!!

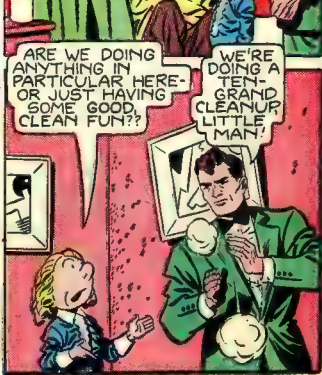
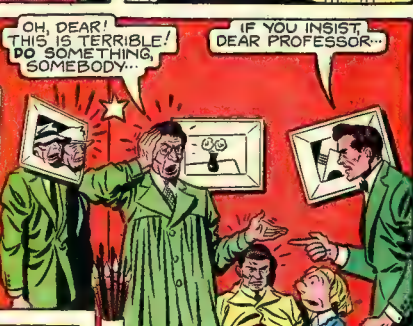
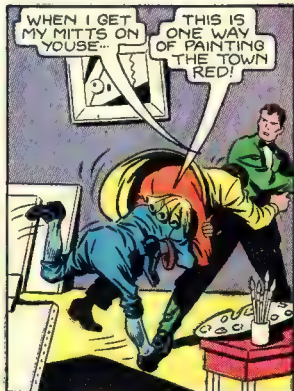
OWOO! WE BEEN FRAMED!



I JUST LOVE TO HANG PICTURES!

I'D RATHER PAINT THEM!

I'LL HANDLE THIS MYSELF!!







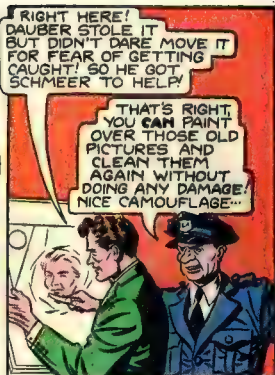
HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE, BRADLEY??

IF YOU FIND OUT, SERGEANT, I WISH YOU'D TIP ME OFF, TOO! I'M GETTING A BIT CURIOUS MYSELF!



IT'S SIMPLE! THESE ARE THE GUYS WHO STOLE THE HUNDRED-THOUSAND-DOLLAR PAINTING FROM THE MUSEUM! WE'RE EARNING THAT REWARD...

SWELL! BUT WHERE'S THE PAINTING?



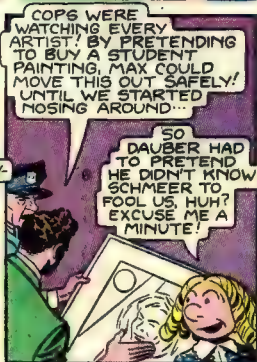
RIGHT HERE! DAUBER STOLE IT BUT DIDN'T DARE MOVE IT FOR FEAR OF GETTING CAUGHT! SO HE GOT SCHMEER TO HELP!

THAT'S RIGHT, YOU CAN PAINT OVER THOSE OLD PICTURES AND CLEAN THEM AGAIN WITHOUT DOING ANY DAMAGE! NICE CAMOUFLAGE...



MAX STUCK APE IN HERE TO BE SURE DAUBER DIDN'T DOUBLE-CROSS HIM! APE HAD TO PRETEND AN INTEREST IN ART SO NOBODY'D GET SUSPICIOUS...

WHAT A GAG! WE'LL GIVE THAT GORILLA A TWENTY-YEAR COURSE IN PAINTING CELL-BLOCKS!



COPS WERE WATCHING EVERY ARTIST! BY PRETENDING TO BUY A STUDENT PAINTING, MAX COULD MOVE THIS OUT SAFELY! UNTIL WE STARTED NOSING AROUND...

SO DAUBER HAD TO PRETEND HE DIDN'T KNOW SCHMEER TO FOOL US, HUH? EXCUSE ME A MINUTE!

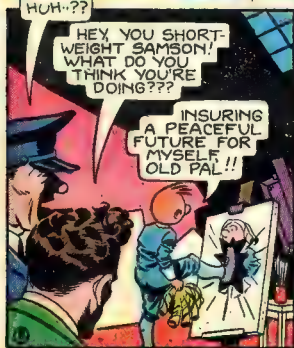


A GREAT JOB, SLAM! YOU EARNED THAT REWARD... WHAT'S THAT??

SOMEBODY'S WRECKING THE JOINT!

BANG!

BANG!



HUH...??

HEY, YOU SHORT-WEIGHT SAMSON! WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING???

INSURING A PEACEFUL FUTURE FOR MYSELF OLD PAL!!



PEACEFUL FUTURE? I DON'T GET IT...

SUPPOSE ONE OF THESE PICTURES OF ME IN THIS RIG GOT INTO THE PAPERS?? I'D HAVE TO SPEND THE REST OF MY LIFE SOCKING GUYS FOR LAUGHING!

MAYBE YOU GOT SOMETHING AT THAT, MITE!!

EVEN A LITTLE MAN LIKE SHORTY CAN HAVE BIG IDEAS. AND WHEN THE LITTLE LAWMAN PLAYS A LONE HAND- AND DISAPPEARS!- IT'S TIME FOR SLAM BRADLEY TO INVESTIGATE-  
**THE CASE OF THE STOLEN SLEUTH!**  
IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

# CHOOSE YOUR PRIZE!

## Get it the American Way



**"TAKE-ME ALONG" GIRL'S OVER-NIGHT CASE**  
The smartest new travel aid with dozens of uses. Alligator grain covering, mirror in lid, trinket tray. Sell only one order.



**NEW TYPE CANDID CAMERA** Easy to focus, quick in operation. Given for selling only one order.



**WRIST WATCH** for boys, girls, men and women. Given for selling only one order, plus 75c extra.



**ELECTRIC MOVIE OUT** FIT with film. Given for selling only one order plus 50c extra. Show movies at home.

**GENE AUTRY COMPLETE HOLSTER SET**



You can be a straight shooting cowboy with this Gene Autry holster, cap pistol handkerchief and hat. All given for selling only one order of Xmas Packs.



**YALE FOOTBALL SET**  
Official size football and pump given for selling only one order.



**U. S. ARMY OUTFIT Belt** holster and army Colt Repeater. cgp pistol. Given for selling only one order.



*Live Canary*

Given for selling only one order. Sent expressage collect. **SAFE DELIVERY-GUARANTEED**



**VICTORY WATCH & FOB**  
Newest type watch with track dial & red second indicator. Sell only one order.



**VICTORY LIGHT**  
Easily carried flashlight with three lenses.

**WHITE** for regular use, **RED** for warning, **BLUE** for black-outs. Complete with batteries for selling only one order.

**OTHER PRIZES YOU CAN GET**  
by our plan, as explained in our Big Prize Catalog.

- Airplanes
- Toilet & Manicure Set
- Ice Skates
- Electric Football Game
- Gene Autry Guitar
- Mantle Clock
- Electric Lamp
- G-Man Set
- "Sleepy-head" Doll
- Chemistry Set
- 32-pc. Dinner Set
- World Globe

## GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY "AMERICAN" WAY!

**BOYS! GIRLS!** Do like thousands of others. Get swell prizes for yourself and gifts for Mother and Dad.

Most prizes shown above and dozens of others in our Big Prize Catalog are GIVEN WITHOUT A CENT OF COST for selling 40 Xmas Packs at 10c each. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money as stated in BIG PRIZE CATALOG.

It is easy to sell these Xmas Packs to your family, friends, and neighbors. Each pack contains 96 sparkling Xmas Seals in brilliant colors—a big value. When sold, send us the money and choose your prize from our Big Prize Catalog.

Mail the coupon today for Xmas Packs and our Big Prize Catalog—tell us what prize you want. **SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU.**

**AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 707, Lancaster, Pa.**

**AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. 707, LANCASTER, PA.**

Please send me your Big Prize Catalog and one order of 40 Xmas Packs. I will resell them at 10c each, send you the money, and get my prize.

My choice of prize is \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street Address or R.F.D. Box \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_



# Be a RADIO Technician



**J. E. SMITH, President, National Radio Institute,**  
Established 27 years

He has directed the training of more men for the Radio Industry than anyone else.



Set Servicing pays many N.R.I. trained Radio Technicians \$30, \$40, \$50 a week. Others hold their regular jobs and make \$5 to \$10 extra a week in spare time.

Broadcasting Stations employ N.R.I. trained Radio Technicians as operators, for installation, maintenance men and in other capacities and pay well.



Loudspeaker System building, installing, servicing and operating is another growing field for N.R.I. trained Radio Technicians.



Radio Operators find good jobs with Government Departments, Shipping Companies and in Commercial Aviation; opportunities are increasing in these fields.



## I Trained These Men

**\$10 a Week in Spare Time**



"I repaired some Radio sets when I was on my tenth lesson. I really don't see how you can give so much for such a small amount of money. I made \$600 in a year and a half, and I have made an average of \$10 a week—just spare time."

JOHN JERRY, 1729 Penn St., Denver Colorado.

## Had Own Business 6 Months After Enrolling

"I went into business for myself 6 months after enrolling. In my Radio repair shop I do about \$300 worth of business a month. I can't tell you how valuable your Course has been to me."

—A. J. BAYEN, Box 1168, Gladewater, Texas.



## Sergeant in Signal Corps



"I am now a Sergeant in the U. S. Army, Signal Corps. My duties cover Radio operating, maintenance of Army Transmitters and Receivers, operating Telephones, handling duties of the Chief Operator in his absence."

SERGEANT RICHARD W. ANDERSON, U.S. Army. (Address omitted for military reasons.)

## I Train Beginners at Home for Good Spare Time and Full Time Radio Jobs More Now Make \$30 \$40 \$50 a Week Than Ever Before

Here is a quick way to more pay. Radio offers a way to make \$5, \$10 a week extra in spare time a few months from now, plus the opportunity for a permanent job in the growing Radio Industry. There is an increasing demand for full time Radio Technicians and Radio Operators. Many make \$30, \$40, \$50 a week. Clip the Coupon below and mail it. Find out how I train you at home for these opportunities.

### Jobs Like These Go To Men Who Know Radio

The 882 broadcasting stations in the U. S. employ Radio Technicians and Operators with average pay among the country's best paid industries. The Radio repair business is booming now because manufacturers have stopped making new home and auto radios and the country's 57,000,000 sets are getting older, requiring more repairs, new tubes, parts. Many N.R.I. trained Radio Technicians take advantage of the opportunities to have their own full time or spare time Radio service businesses: The Government needs many Civilian Radio Operators, Technicians. Radio factories employ thousands of trained technicians as they rush to fill millions of dollars worth of Government orders. Think of the many good jobs in connection with Aviation, Commercial, Police Radio and Public Address Systems. N.R.I. gives you the required knowledge for these jobs. N.R.I. trains you to be ready when Television opens jobs in the future. Yes, N.R.I. trained Radio Technicians make good money because they use their heads as well as their hands. They are THOROUGHLY TRAINED. Many N.R.I. trained men hold their regular jobs, and make extra money fixing Radio sets in spare time.

### Beginners Soon Learn to Make \$5, \$10 a Week Extra in Spare Time

Nearly every neighborhood offers opportunities for a good part time Radio Technician to make extra money fixing Radio sets. I give you special training to show you how to start cashing in on these opportunities early. You get Radio parts and instructions for building test equipment, for conducting

experiments which give you valuable practical experience. My 50-50 method—half working with Radio parts, half studying my lesson texts—makes learning Radio at home interesting, fascinating, practical.



### Extra Pay in Army, Navy, Too



Men likely to go into military service, soldiers, sailors, marines, should mail the Coupon Now! Learning Radio helps men get extra rank, extra prestige, more interesting duty at pay up to several times a private's base pay. Also prepares for good Radio jobs after service ends. IT'S SMART TO TRAIN FOR RADIO NOW!

### Find Out How N.R.I. Teaches Radio and Television

Act today. Mail coupon now for 64-page Book. It's FREE. It points out Radio's spare time and full time opportunities and those coming in Television; tells about my Course in Radio and Television; shows more than 100 letters from men I trained, telling what they are doing and earning. Find out what Radio offers you. Mail coupon in envelope or paste on penny postcard—NOW.

**J. E. SMITH, President**  
**National Radio Institute**

**Dept. 2MB9**  
**Washington,**  
**D. C.**

**THIS FREE BOOK HAS HELPED HUNDREDS OF MEN MAKE MORE MONEY**



## TRAINING MEN FOR VITAL JOBS

### FREE TO MEN WHO WANT BETTER JOBS

**J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 2MB9**  
**National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.**

Mail me FREE without obligation, your 64 page book "Rich Rewards in Radio." (No salesman will call. Write plainly.)

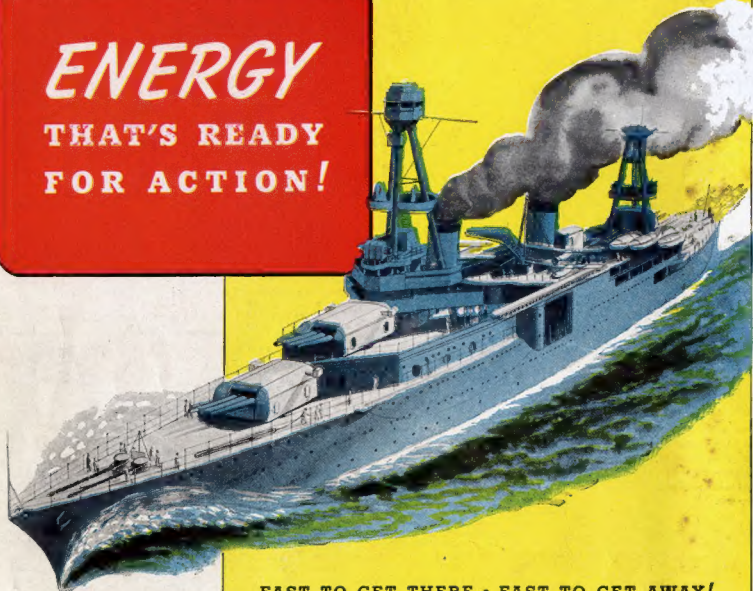
NAME..... AGE.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

# ENERGY

THAT'S READY  
FOR ACTION!



## FAST TO GET THERE • FAST TO GET AWAY!

The CRUISER, the favorite "toughie" of Uncle Sam's navy, "has what it takes" to go in and out of dangerous waters. In time of war—she's geared for action—she's jammed full of energy—energy generated from fuel fed her intricate engines.

## HUMAN BEINGS, TOO, ARE GEARED BY ENERGY!

Energy is generated from fuel within the body—fuel from food you eat. To be at top form, your body must have plenty of high-energy-value food.

## FOR FOOD-ENERGY, EAT BABY RUTH!

A Curtiss Baby Ruth Candy Bar is rich in Dextrose, and other nourishing ingredients. Dextrose is primary sugar of the body—sugar the body quickly converts into food-energy. Eat Baby Ruth every day... you'll enjoy its tempting flavor and delectable goodness. It's a swell, inexpensive treat any time.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



"Baby Ruth  
helps keep  
me active  
and alert...  
and it tastes  
so good!"

Boys and Girls, give Moms this  
New RECIPE for Cookies easy-  
to-make with Baby Ruth!

- 1/2 cup butter, or other shortening
- 1/2 cup white sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 1/2 cups flour
- 1/2 teaspoon soda
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon vanilla
- 2 Curtiss 5c Baby Ruth bars,  
cut in small pieces

Cream butter and sugar until smooth.  
Beat in egg. Stir in other ingredients.  
Chill and drop by half teaspoonful on  
greased cookie sheet. Bake in a moder-  
ately hot oven (375° F.) for 10-12 min-  
utes. Makes 75 cookies.

★ ★ ★

Send a box to the boy in camp



Rich in Dextrose  
—the Sugar Your Body Uses Directly for  
ENERGY

FOR VICTORY  
BUY  
WAR SAVINGS  
BONDS AND  
STAMPS



# THE SHADOW OF THE BAT

**Bumblebeeman (Udo P.)**  
(1961-08-13 - 2009-06-27)

**We Will Never Forget ...**



**FLATTERMANN**